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**Special Feature This Issue**  
"Serendipity: A Magic Carpet"  
"An Adirondack Guideboat on the Snake River"



# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 19 - Number 6

August 1, 2001



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## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



In his feature story in this issue, reader Jack Hornung vents his frustration over how his projected modest adventure of rowing down the Snake River in eastern Washington in his Adirondack guideboat was, in part, thwarted by a Corps of Engineers policy of refusing to lock through their dams boats which do not have motors. Jack gives you the detailed rundown starting on page 10.

Jack was told by the locktender at the first dam, after a 35 mile row, that if the Corps permitted small non-powered boats to lock through the four dams on the Snake River they'd be inundated by every canoeist and kayaker in the Pacific northwest. In short, they didn't want to have to accommodate these pesky boats. They apparently hadn't even thought of someone rowing.

Jack got snookered because when he inquired about locking through the dams while planning his trip he was told by the Corps of Engineers functionary who answered his phone call that he could lock through. Portaging the loaded guideboat around these big dams in steep sided canyons was not a possibility for him in view of his load of gear and a bad foot. After the lock keeper irritably brushed him off, he learned from a phone call to the Corps office that the person who had told him he could lock through was just a minor functionary. Sorry.

Well, Jack's experience was another example of life's little aggravations imposed upon us by the sort of people who take jobs enforcing rules and regulations. It is the sort of work that unfortunately attracts petty tyrants, people who find the "official" nature of the job empowers them to be curt and abusive to others, something they could not get away with without their "official" capacity. This has to be why we use the term "police state" in a pejorative manner. I have, from time to time, seen billboards posted at several local town lines exhorting us to "Support Your Local Police". What have the police done that they must ask this of us?

Had Jack fitted a small outboard to his guideboat he'd have been locked through. Should a flotilla of PWCs arrive they'd be locked through. Gotta have a motor or you don't count. Implicit in the various ways this is sneaking up on us is the view that it is unsafe if you do not have a motor. It isn't the boat itself, apparently, a small aluminum skiff with an outboard would qualify for passage

on this Corps of Engineer's waterway.

This was some different from Jack's trip through New York's Erie Canal a couple of years ago in the same guideboat, his report of which we published. Jack had no problem locking through despite the overwhelming predominance of power boats. The state of New York did not seem to find lack of a motor to be a concern, and the attitude of the lock tenders was uniformly courteous and accommodating. Maybe there's something we don't know here about the Snake River itself.

Here in Massachusetts no boat is permitted to travel through the Cape Cod Canal without power, and the reasoning makes sense, with heavy ocean going ship traffic and strong tidal currents in the 8 mile cut. Sort of like the restriction of bicycles, horses and pedestrians from the Interstate highways.

You may recall that not too long ago I predicted on this page that those of us who use small non-powered boats may find ourselves increasingly limited as to where and how we may enjoy our boating by policies imposed by those who are empowered to do so by our motorized society. Jack's experience is not necessarily a portender of an immediate onrush of such restrictions, but it does illustrate how it can come to pass. If the interests of those who powerboat come into serious conflict with those who do not, the former will ultimately prevail for there are many more of them, and those who enact the rules and enforce them are from amongst them. If operating slow moving human powered boats in a fast moving power boating environment creates "safety" problems (like you gotta watch out for these little slow boats), it will be the slow boats that will be excluded, we're getting in the way.

So why do I think this to be a looming prospect? After over 100 years since motors were first fit into or onto recreational boats, and despite conflict between stinkpots and ragbaggers throughout this century, we still have access to just about anywhere in our small boats. It is the advent of today's powerboaters, an ever growing majority, no longer boat people but car people afloat, that I believe will squeeze us out of their way. And it will be done in the name of the great god safety, we are endangered because we are small and hopelessly underpowered, not because they are big and grossly overpowered.

## Looking Ahead...

Germaine Connolly reports on upstate New York's "General Clinton Canoe Race"; Jim Broten tells us about the "Minnesota Solar Boat Regatta"; and I report on the "Galvin Middle School Regatta" and "Launching Friendship's Jolly Boat", both right in my neighborhood.

Greg Grundtisch chronicles a foreshortened summer of sailing in "Screech"; Robb White brings us the first of two installments all about "The Slave's Recipe"; and Reinhard Zollitsch takes his Kreuger canoe south on his latest extended solo cruise with the first installment of "Suwannee River Sojourn".

Les Webster presents his design for a little boat he built for his grandson in "Origami Pirate Ship"; and I will reveal how Reuben Smith operates as "The Rolling Boatshop".

Germaine Connolly unearths an earlier version of "A Cartop Heron"; we bring you a 1951 Wes Farmer little big boat design in "Mini Max"; Dennis Davis carries on with "Design Rules - OK, Part 3"; Phil Bolger & Friends offer a "Fiberglass Workboat"; and Don Elliott's "Capsize" reaches Part 11 and counting.

## On the Cover...

Jack Hornung about to set off on an ill-fated Snake River rowing cruise in his Adirondack Guideboat, frustrated by bureaucrats and brisk breezes.



## Driver's Education

These next two paragraphs have, at initial inspection, no relation to each other, but there is a theme.

I have been a happy subscriber to *MAIB* for a little over a decade. For two years I have been receiving complimentary copies of a "popular" boating magazine which shall be nameless but which is, I fear, typical of today's boating magazines. The contrast is total! *MAIB*, in its articles and in its ads, speaks to "sailors," those who love the sea and small boats. The "popular" magazine is dedicated to "weekenders," and its color photos feature fast outboards and I/Os with bikini-clad young ladies draped over the decks. While one publication is dedicated to boating, the other seems to be dedicated to speed. The ads in one speak to oars and paddles, sailing vessels, and an occasional trawler; the ads in the other speak to horsepower and 200 (or twin 200) mph engines.

That's item one. Item two is a digest of a discussion with some boating colleagues. We were talking about the severity of wakes in the ICW and the lack of consideration for smaller vessels. The high point of the discussion was an 18' Auxiliary boat, proceeding south on patrol, being passed by a 20-footer at speed while a northbound 22' I/O zoomed between the two southbound vessels at all-too-close distance to both of them.

What's the connection between the two paragraphs? It led to a consideration of whether or not states should require driver's licenses for boat operators and, if so, for operators of vessels of what size or horsepower. There are very few who would like to see licensing required for boaters, and I suspect that readers of *MAIB* would be the most vehement in their opposition. But the fact remains that anyone with absolutely no experience can purchase a 200 hp boat for a small down payment and get out on the water at 35 knots. The situation is even worse on the lakes than on the coast, as coastal residents seem to have gained some respect for the sea.

Is there any solution? Is there any way that, without governmental rules and regulations, we can get boaters to have some basic knowledge before they leave the dock? The Coast Guard Auxiliary and the U.S. Power Squadron are doing their best with a series of boating education course, both short and long. What more can - what more should - what more must - be done?

I suspect *MAIB* would like your views.

## Contrasting Color

The Coast Guard Auxiliary is involved in public education, vessel safety checks, safety patrols, and assisting the Active Duty Coasties in search and rescue. We have absolutely no law enforcement function and 99.9% of the time I would not have it any other way. The 1% of the time when I often wish we did have authority concerns the numbering of vessels, especially jon boats.

As all *MAIB* readers know, state registration numbers must be plain block letters 3" in height and in a color contrasting with the hull. The point, of course, is that the numbers should be visible from a distance. Sadly, at least in my corner of the world, boaters seem to be color blind and some nine out of ten dark



khaki jon boats have black numbers that, especially after a few months of exposure to salt air, cannot be seen until you are right up to them. I'd give a good bit to be able to insist that these boat owners replace their black letters with a visible white.

These thoughts were triggered by a call from the Coast Guard the other day to look for an overdue jon boat. I never found the boat, but I did come from that patrol with a raging headache from trying to read boat numbers.

We were looking for "NC 1234 AB." My procedure, in these cases, is to search for any boat of the approximate description whose registration ends in "AB" and then, on closer inspection, see if it is "1234." There was just enough chop that day to make it hard to read numbers through binoculars, and there were a great many jon boats 16' to 18' long to check out. We had a considerable section of the ICW to cover. Despite a crew member with better eyes than mine, we had to make a close approach to boat after boat to see if it was the one reported missing. Had the numbers been put on in a truly "contrasting color," a good bit of time and eye strain could have been saved.

The second part of numbering is the spacing. "NC 1234 AB" is vastly easier to read at a distance than "NC1234AB."

The rules on contrasting color and spacing of registration numbers are crystal clear. Sadly, too many are not obeyed. Were I to be given that 1% of law enforcement authority mentioned above, I'd used it to ensure proper numbering. At the heart of the issue is boating safety, and that's what the Auxiliary is all about.

## Plus Two (and a bit more)

Boats from Flotillas 10-01 and 10-06 regularly patrol a 20-mile stretch of the ICW, and 18-551 has been sharing in this work for the past 11 years. While writing up yesterday's patrol I asked myself, "Has it made a difference?"

Happily my answer was a definite "yes." We have made two plus differences.

When I began patrolling this length of the waterway, I carried a long-handled net and at the end of each patrol I took ashore a plastic garbage bag filled with trash pulled from the water. I still carry the net, but it rarely is used any more. Boaters do not toss their garbage overboard, and I have to believe that Auxiliary presence and Auxiliary boating courses have been a significant factor in this improvement. That's difference number one.

Difference number two is less easy to measure but far more important. In patrols a decade ago it was unusual to see children on recreational vessels wearing life jackets. Today, it is unusual to see a child who is not wearing one. Again, I must believe that Auxiliary presence and, even more importantly, Auxiliary boating courses and public affairs efforts have been a major factor. Have we saved a child's life? We will never know, but we can know that youngsters are safer on vessels today than a decade ago.

And finally, on yesterday's patrol, we noticed that a channel marker that was in place on our northbound leg was missing when we went south. Perhaps our prompt reporting of a missing aid to navigation will keep some boater from running aground.

There is little glamour in most Auxiliary work, but each of us can take quiet satisfaction in the knowledge that we make a difference, and safe boating is what the Auxiliary is all about.

## Great Lakes Small Craft Symposium 4

Saturday August 18, 2001

9:00 AM-4:00 PM

Haithco Recreation Area  
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# You write to us about...

## Activities & Events...

### Boston Antique & Classic Boat Festival

The 19th Annual Boston Antique & Classic Boat Festival takes place on August 24-26 at the Hawthorne Cove Marina in Salem, Massachusetts. Come show off your classic beauty, meet old friends and new, and share the trials and ecstasy your boat puts you through with kindred spirits. Boats don't have to be in "show" condition. The spirit of the Festival is to gather together the grand old craft and those who love them.

We are grateful to Rus Vickers for hosting the Festival this year at his attractive marina in the heart of historic Salem, about 15 miles northeast of Boston on Salem Sound. Picturesque and steeped in maritime lore, Salem is home of the Peabody Essex Museum as well as the birthplace of America's first yacht, *Cleopatra's Barge*!

We expect old favorites along with newcomers, a delightful variety of craft ranging from 19th century canoe and traditional Lowell's dory to elegant runabouts and cabin cruisers to the comely sail flotilla, sloops and sharpies, yawls and schooners.

The emphasis of the Festival is on encouraging you to restore and maintain your vessel, the nation's maritime heritage! Works in progress are welcome. Dress ship. Come in period garb. Just come! Let's enjoy one another, share our pride in these exceptional boats and keep the tradition of the grand old craft alive! Festival particulars are available from the address below.

Boston Antique & Classic Boat Festival,  
16 Preston Rd., Somerville, MA 02143, (617) 666-8530

## Adventures & Experiences...

### Fish Story

Sometime in my teen years I found a cove pasture full of huge carp. It was rainy season and the 40 arpon canal was running like a mountain river from all of the runoff from the sugar cane fields (there is a 40 arpon canal paralleling Bayou Lafourche in southern Louisiana on each side at a distance of 40 arpens, something like two miles). My friend and I went white water pirogueing and wound up in a flooded pasture that was gushing into the canal. I guess the carp liked the moving water, because the outlet ditch was frothing with them. We happened to have a dip-net so we started dipping. With each dip we would get three or four big carp. We caught so many that we swamped our pirogue. When we emptied the boat, we decided the net was too easy, so we started using our hands.

We didn't keep the fish. I have never eaten carp and never will. The closest I have come is garfish balls. No it's not what you are thinking. The meat is so oily you have to scoop it out, roll it into balls and deep fry it, kind of like hush puppies. Garfish are big toothy fish that can get to 5' or 6' swimming in the muck of the swamps and bayous. I've seen one that was bigger than the kid who caught it.

Frank San Miguel, Monument, CO

## Information of Interest...

### South Seas Stamps in Sweden

On a recent trip to Sweden I came across a news clipping of two postage stamps featuring decidedly un-Swedish watercraft and thought readers might find them of interest.

The original paintings were done by Hawaiian artist Herb Kawainui Kane, the engravings were done by the Royal Court Engraver of Sweden, and the stamps were issued on January 9 at Majuro, Marshall Islands and simultaneously at the Nordia 2001 Stamp Show in Tucson, AZ, USA.

Carl Erickson, Verona, NJ



### Another Assymetrical

Bruce Miller's note on Venetian gondolas in the May 1 issue was most interesting. I had always assumed that all steering was done with the oar.

Back in the '60's and 70's, we used to sail canoes at a Lake Dora, Florida regatta. At one race I met Edgar Dean, a retired canoe builder from Toronto, Canada, who used to build and race canoes. He told me he had built and raced an assymetrical C-1 racing canoe which was paddled from one side in a high kneeling position, off the seat with only the paddling side knee down. He later sold this canoe but has since hoped to locate it and buy it back.

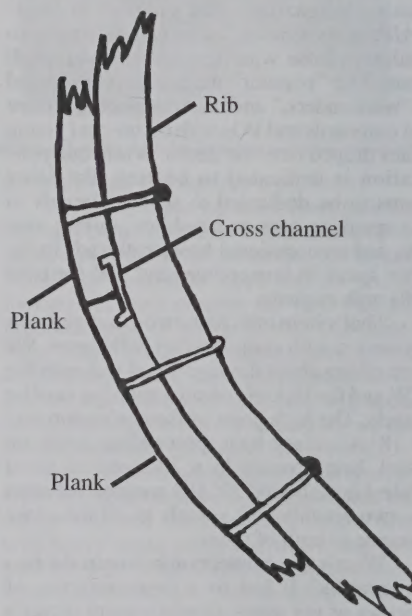
I told him we had three old racing canoes from Canada at my canoe club. Checking up on these I didn't find reference to his assymetrical hull, but found that we did indeed have a 20' four racing hull with a plate marked, "Marsh & Sealey - Toronto".

He went on to say that, "those two fellows (Marsh & Sealey) used to work for me." That hull was built with thin wide planking over small half round hardwood ribs, probably steam bent, the adjoining planks fastened with a thin brass channel section between the ribs

and planking, with the channel flanges let into the two adjoining planks, effectively sealing out the water.

I believe Edgar Deans father was Walter Dean, a well known Toronto area canoe builder whose name might be recognized by old time canoeists. They built not only canoes but also sleds for eskimos.

Noble Enge, Switzerland, FL.



### Nors, Spirit of the Sea

Our company, although relatively young, is deeply rooted in maritime history. The name is derived from the word "Norsemen", those early boatbuilders, explorers, traders, artisans, and yes... Viking marauders. As skilled sailors, the Norsemen reached America five hundred years before Columbus.

Much like a Knarr (a Norse merchant ship), our catalogue contains interesting goods. You'll find functional apparel, sturdy canvas bags, navigational and safety accessories, and numerous gift ideas. Our "Shipwright" gear is already a big hit this year! Given that the Norsemen share a history with Newfoundland dogs and inspired also by lord Byron's trusted Newfoundland "Boatswain", we've launched a variety of Newfoundland dog items including the expanding "Boatswain" line.

If you sail, row, kayak or canoe, this catalogue is for you! Shop by phone (207) 985-6134, fax (207) 442-8904, email <nors@loa.com>, or snail mail. Visit us online at [www.norsgear.com](http://www.norsgear.com). You'll find Nors products too, at maritime museums around the country. If you see our booth at a regatta, please stop by and say hello. Maybe we'll have our Newfoundland dog, Burnside, with us. Fair Winds.

Nors Crew, P.O. Box 143, Woolwich, ME 04579





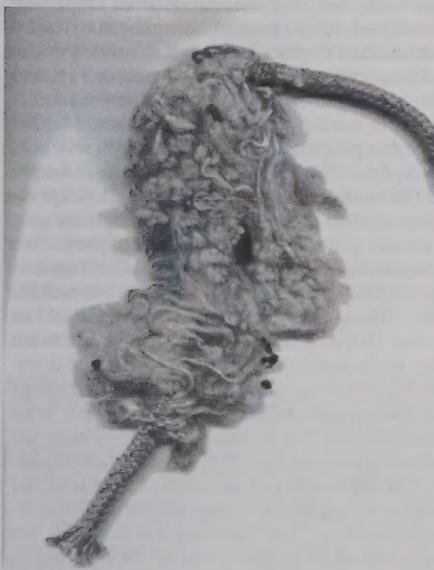
## Winterizing Warning

Here's a warning for readers winterizing their boats next Fall. A mouse made the nest pictured in my sailboat's aluminum mast over last winter. It ate completely through the internal main halyard, mast light electric line and the antenna feeder. We discovered the mess only after the mast was up. After taking the mast back down, I found, in the mast step, three walnuts, rope shards, and, one desiccated dead mouse.

When I mentioned my mouse woes around the marina, I learned of other mouse destruction: Holes eaten in sails, in cabin upholstery, outboard motor wiring eaten, and other internal halyards also.

Come take-out time, I'll end cap the mast, wrap the halyard entries, and continue to tote cabin seat pads home for storage.

Richard Gellers, Warren, OH



## One & the Same

In the June 15 issue the boat pictured on page 9, *Piney Queen*, and that on page 13, *Afrika*, are one and the same. *Afrika*'s conversion to steam made all kinds of sense. She was fitted with a very sophisticated fuel meter when I bought her. At 3 knots she "made gas", that is registered below zero; at 6 knots she began "using gas", 1-1/2 gals; at 7 knots 10 gals. She has a very burdensome, easily driven hull at low speeds. I'm glad she found a good home, and I see that my "Buddy" stove is still fitted.

Foster Nostrand, Stamford, CT.

## Opinions...

### Robb White a Northeasterner?

I was sitting in my Dad's living room sharing Robb White's article, "Open Letter To David Gulley" in the May 15 issue when we reached Robb's remark about Texas hoarding of gas from the Free Market (taken out of context).

Dad said, "That's all them Northeasterners know how to say!"

I pointed out to Dad that Robb White lives in Georgia, to which he replied, "That's north and east of us, ain't it....?"

Terry Molitor, Houston, TX

## "Personalizing"

The June 1 edition featured an article by Sharon Brown which contained a new word for one who paddles a canoe, "paddle person". Was perchance the article intended for a N.O.W. publication? New horizons of language were opened to me utilizing this simple suffix and following up on this I have begun a PC lexicon for nautical descriptions which your readers may wish to contribute. Thus I, a "reader person", get to read the writings of such as Sharon Brown, a "writer person". Once onboard ships we will encounter many opportunities for "personalizing" the personnel who operate our vessel, "helm persons", "able bodied sea persons", well you get the idea.

Ralph E. Hartman, Dallas, TX  
75230-2212

## Not Doing a Tree a Favor

Mr. Dale Winke's article, "A Man, a Boat, And a Dream", in the May 15 issue moralizes about the virtues of hand built boats over factory built boats and his desire to preserve an old boat because of some primal connection with the builder. The following excerpts, however, compel me to write: "...the greatest majestic virtue, dream, goal, call it what you will, of a tree is not to be left standing out amongst thousands of other trees in some old growth forest, but to be made into something useful." and, "It is one thing to simply chop down a tree, it is another to create something greater from it...."

Pondering this viewpoint, one cannot help but wonder if Harp seals are praying for the day they can be crafted into fur coats, and pigs are begging for the opportunity to become ballpark hot dogs. Who among us would claim the design talent or master craftsmanship required to create something greater than a tree?

We can build, restore, and cherish wooden boats, but we shouldn't, for one instant, think that we are doing trees a favor. We dare not imagine that what we are creating is greater than the trees that were felled to provide our lumber. Let's keep our passion for wooden boats in perspective. If we are going to use wood we should honor the tree from which it came with excellence in design and construction, but not expect the tree to thank us for the opportunity to participate.

James A. Ryan, St. Louis, MO

## Non-Marine Grade Laminates

It has been a while since I have seen any mention of whether you should use non-marine grade laminates in boat construction or not. It is not my intent to stir anything up but....

Like everyone else, up here in Maine, we have had a winter that just keeps on going! It also seems that this is the year that my tired old farm house, barn, and outbuildings have succumbed to the prying fingers of the many feet of snow that have accumulated on their roofs.

Melting this spring has been slow at best, but continuous. One of my shops houses a small, 5' x 3' electric fishing pump that I built several seasons ago. My wife and I took a two week trip to South Padre during a particularly

sloppy stretch of spring weather, only to return to what can best be described as an ugly little wooden bathtub.

Not a drop of water anywhere else mind you, just a full boat. My heart sank. As small as this boat is, I still built it in a traditional big boat manner, sheathed with 1/4" off the rack lauan. The bottom exterior has one layer of glass for wear resistance, with the sides (exterior) receiving just a coat of resin. All the caps, ribs, etc. are white pine. The sole is 1/4" tamarac strips across the bottom members for added strength and to keep me from putting my feet through.

Like I said, I built this in a pretty traditional manner including the interior finish. Remember the old saying, "once a day for a week, once a week for a month, once a month a year, then once a year thereafter." I cannot imagine what the interior of that little shoe box would have been like had I not used the old tried and proven method of applying a 50/50 mix of linseed oil and turpentine.

After I bailed the water out, and wiped up what I could; the remaining water just formed big beads between the frames and on the narrow sole. This little boat is three years old and a pure pleasure for fly fishing/gunking. There is no sign of delamination at all, although there is some stain on the pine members.

It is my opinion (boy, here's where a fella can get into deep crap) that you shouldn't try to encapsulate a homemade wooden boat in resin. I think many of the letters you have received over the years have demonstrated that this is the one, re-occurring theme leading to ultimate delamination and failure.

I remember working in boat shops many years ago when gum turpentine and linseed were the dominant smells in all shops. The last time I worked on the installation of a teak deck, on a boat in South West Harbor, we were all given respirators because of the resin fumes from a shop two buildings away.

To this day, when I come home from the shop, my wife never fails to comment, "you smell good". Trust me, it's not from the overzealous use of resin.

Ted Andrei, Washington ME

## Nothing New Under the Sun

As the saying goes, "There's nothing new under the sun." Your June 1 issue carried this woodcut engraving, while *Yachting* for June 2001 presented the "Mares 50 Sport Express".

Muriel Parry, Mitchellville, MD





# Newsletter notes from all over...

A compendium of selections from newsletters and magazines we receive which, we believe, illustrates what is going on out there in the world of small boats.

## Restoration Quarterly International Yacht Restoration School

449 Thames St., Newport, RI 02840  
(401) 848-5777, [www.iyrs.org](http://www.iyrs.org)

### 2000 Restoration Symposium

Principles and Practices of Maritime  
Restoration:  
The State of the Art

Visitors to IYRS often come away impressed with the restoration work underway in the shop. Talking with staff and students, viewing boats from the balcony and walking the docks to look at finished projects, they gain a first hand understanding of the "what" and "how" of yacht restoration. But what of the "why," of the myriad of ethical, philosophical and aesthetic decisions that underlie the restoration of a classic yacht?

It was to explore just such issues that IYRS hosted its 2nd Annual Restoration Symposium on November 18th, 2000. Nearly 50 people gathered in the second floor classroom in Restoration Hall to hear a distinguished group of speakers and participate in a panel discussion.

Speakers explored how restorations are carried out in several maritime museums, differing philosophies of restoration, the relationship of maritime restoration to land-based preservation practice and some of the thorny questions which confront anyone undertaking a restoration project. Many significant issues were raised, some of which are summarized below. All of the speakers' presentations and remarks from the floor will be of great benefit as IYRS continues to develop a restoration philosophy.

Does it matter for a maritime restoration project how much original fabric eventually remains? Do ships and boats require a different notion of authenticity and integrity than "indoor" museum artifacts such as paintings and furniture?

Is something lost when a boat is completely disassembled and then reconstituted, as opposed to making sure that a percentage of original and historic fabric is always present during restoration?

How should the restoration process be addressed in an interpretive sense? Both commercial shipwrights (who don't want to frighten their clients) and institutions such as IYRS (which does its work in public) need to educate and inform their audience about the nature of restoration.

The question for maritime preservation is really not whether or not one intervenes to save a vessel but rather how one intervenes. Deterioration may be virtually invisible by virtue of the slow pace at which it occurs, but it is nonetheless occurring. There can be no preservation without intervention.

Simply preserving a vessel as-is may not be desirable because it neglects the interpretive

tive and educational aspects of preservation, and does not necessarily provide a constituency of supporters for a vessel outside a narrow audience of specialists and professionals.

Preservation represents a "continuum of care" within which vessels are at one extreme because of their size and weight and the hostile environment in which they exist.

The discussion of how much original and historic fabric is lost or retained by preservation (that is, of preservation's 'costs') should always be considered against the benefits provided. Nor should we forget that imperfect preservation is still preferable to extinction. While it may indeed "cost" the vessel in terms of repair and replacement of original and historic fabric to remain afloat and on display, the offsetting social and cultural benefits may outweigh the drawbacks.

Complete printed proceedings of the symposium are available from IYRS at a cost of \$10 and may be ordered by calling (401) 848-5777.

## Talk of the Shop

Over the winter, six very well used Beetle Cats have gradually begun to look like boats again. Even the boat christened *No Worries* when it arrived last year, which for a long time looked more like a collection of spare parts than a boat, has come back to life. Students returned from their intercession in early February and the work of planking got underway. With all three planers going at once, the shop was filled with the sound of progress and the rich scent of eastern white cedar stock being thickened (sic).

One by one the planks were spiled, cut and fitted. The pace increased as the new experience of wrapping a straight piece of wood around a very curved shape became more familiar. The excitement of seeing the hull's sweet curves completely planked was soon tempered by the more mundane work of fairing, first with a plane and then using sandpaper backed by a long, flat board.

Students have been hard at work on the *Eagle* sloop, fitting and fairing new deadwood and sternpost, and installing the ballast keel. The mahogany brightwork was refinished and deck and cockpit were finished off. When the hull was planked, faired and painted, the boot-top struck and the mahogany sides of the raised deck once more varnished, the *Eagle's* striking profile again became evident. With her low freeboard, long counter and low overhangs and sleek, tapering raised deck, she is rakish and unfamiliar, and a far cry from a more modern boat which would probably feature four berths and standing headroom on the same length. The *Eagle* will have been launched on May 25th, and we were all eager to see how she would sail. Those who have been out on *Sturdy Beggar* were particularly interested in how she would fare against this Herreshoff S-boat.

What could possibly be more satisfying than seeing a boat come into IYRS a basket

case and emerge as a useful and beautiful yacht? Seeing it go straight into the arms of an eager new owner. We grow quite fond of our boats while they're in the shop, and we have an almost parental concern for what happens to them when they leave. Like any caring parent, we want them to leave home, get good jobs and be successful, as we want for our students.

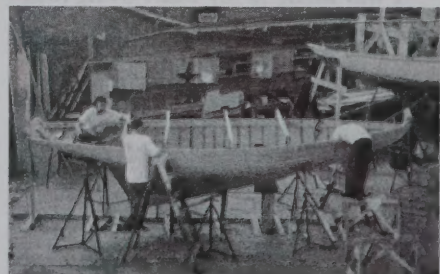
We're very proud of the Manhasset Bay One Design *Crazy Horse*. The boat was donated by an active racing sailor, and her restoration has been underwritten by members of the class association. Several of them are keenly interested in purchasing the soon-to-be relaunched *Crazy Horse*, and it would be satisfying indeed for us to see her racing and winning again. The class association is interested in having another old and tired MBOD take her place in the shop when this project is complete. This will be an excellent example of the vitality of the restoration that IYRS practices, and the way in which it connects the past and the present for the benefit of both. We demonstrate every day that yacht restoration is a calling that is both viable and honorable.

Along the way, the MBOD has posed us some challenges, not the least of these were the philosophical issues raised by a restoration of this magnitude. As it became evident just how little of the boat would survive to be re-used, we had to ask ourselves where the boundaries of restoration lay and where it simply became new construction. As we realized that the boat was in some respects not originally built as Olin Stephens had drawn it, we confronted the thorny issue of "improving" a historic structure. For this latter question, we were fortunate indeed to have the assistance of Stephens himself. Our restoration philosophy is an evolving set of ideas, constantly enriched by experiences on the shop floor. A project like the MBOD cannot help but improve both our theory and our practice.



The *Eagle* sloop with new planking, deadwood, and frames in place.

At work on the MBOD.





## LCMMnews

Lake Champlain Maritime Museum  
4472 Basin Harbor Rd., Vergennes, VT  
05491  
(802) 475-2022, [www.lcmm.org](http://www.lcmm.org)

### Champlain Longboats Launches Third Pilot Gig

Surrounded by hundreds of supporters and amidst great celebration, the Lake Champlain Maritime Museum's Champlain Longboats program launched its third pilot gig, *Red Wing*, at Basin Harbor on May 17. Built by students and staff from the Diversified Occupations Program at The Hannaford Career Center with the aid of LCMM staff, this beautifully constructed, brilliantly painted, 32' pilot gig's construction started in November with the ceremonial laying of the keel and culminated with this spectacular launch. This group of eight high school students has impressed all with their determination, focus, and positive attitude.

The completion of this third pilot gig allows LCMM to expand both its youth and adult rowing program. All three gigs will be busy spring and fall in school and afterschool youth programs. During the summer season, through the Community Rowing Programs, we will have boats at LCMM, the Vergennes Falls on Otter Creek, and in Burlington Harbor at our new Burlington Shipyard.



Students and staff from the Diversified Occupations Program and LCMM working on the 32' pilot gig *Redwing* in the LCMM boat shop.

### Sailing Canal Schooners A Brief History

Why build a canal schooner? LCMM wants to tell the stories of commerce on Lake Champlain, and how it has affected Burlington and the folks who have lived and worked here. What better connection with that past than by constructing a living example of the gritty freight boats that hauled goods through our lakes, canals, and rivers for over a hundred years? Many of them, after all, were even built in Burlington. The more you know about canal schooners, the better you'll appreciate them. Here's a brief history.

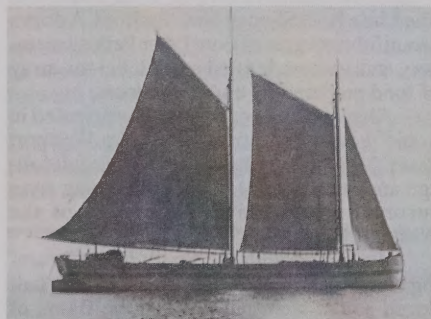
The Champlain Canal opened its locks for the first time in 1823, connecting Lake Champlain to the Hudson River. Suddenly, there was an efficient route for carrying local products such as marble, lumber, iron, and

farm products to the markets of New York City and beyond. Standard canal boats were designed to be pulled along the canals by mules walking on the banks. Once they reached the relatively open waters of Lake Champlain or the Hudson, their cargo had to be transferred to a lake schooner or sloop which could safely sail up and down the lake. The other option was to take a tow from a steamboat, but this added costs to the trip.

From the very beginning, Lake Champlain merchants and boat builders, in an effort to cut costs and increase profits, took the matter into their own hands. Starting with a standard canal boat that was sized to fit the locks of the canal, they added a centerboard and a sailing rig and created a design that is unique to our region. These vessels could load up with cargo from the northern lake and sail all the way to the entrance of the canal at Whitehall, New York. There they would raise the centerboard, drop the masts that were stepped in tabernacles on deck, and hire mules for a tow through the Champlain Canal. Once they reached the Hudson River, the process was reversed, and they could sail down the river to New York and deliver goods faster than any combination of vessels could in the past.

The *O. J. Walker* and the *General Butler*, which now lie on the bottom of Burlington Bay, were both built in 1862 and are the largest of the breed. The schooner *Lois McClure* is based on the design of both of these vessels. She will be 88' overall, with a beam of 14.5'. Her schooner rig will consist of gaff mainsail and foresail, and a small jib.

Our appreciation for Lake Champlain's commercial heritage should increase immensely as a result of this project, along with our knowledge and understanding of boat building and seamanship of that era!



Unidentified 1862-class schooner.

A standard canal boat in the Champlain Canal Lock.



## Waterline

North Carolina Maritime Museum  
315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516  
(252) 728-7317

### At the Watercraft Center

By Roger Allen, Curator of Boatbuilding Technology

New classes, boatbuilding programs, and sailing events comprise our 2001 calendar. One of the most interesting new programs is "Sunday Sails". Organized by the museum's Traditional Small Craft Association (TSCA), "Sunday Sails" are open to anyone who wants to go sailing in one of the museum's traditional wooden boats, moored behind the Watercraft Center (ages twelve and under must be accompanied by an adult.)

If you've wanted to sail in a spritsail skiff or a sharpie, but don't know how to sail, we'll put you in a boat with an experienced crew. If you know how to sail, come along for a few trips until we're sure you know your way around and then you can take a boat out on your own. There is no charge, but we encourage you to become a member of the Friends of the Museum. Sailing begins at 1pm weather permitting. It is helpful to call ahead on Sunday morning at (252) 728-6673.

Several years ago volunteer Howard Moberg was challenged to come up with a basic flat-bottomed skiff design that could be built from 12' planks as a project for the fledgling apprentice program. Howard is an artist with a strong sense of traditional boat shape. He came up with a great design that is a perfect small skiff for rivers, lakes, and protected waters. In honor of his hometown he called the boat an Atlantic skiff. It became instantly popular, and five were built as stock boats for the shop with two ending up as far as Long Island, NY. The last skiff built is kept behind the shop as a handy rowboat for when one is needed. If you come out for a Sunday Sail and decide to go rowing instead she's ready and waiting.

When interest was shown in a sailing version of the Atlantic skiff the project was given to John Yang and the Wednesday volunteer crew. To add interest and a learning experience to the challenge, the new skiff was to have fewer planks and a lower freeboard. The new sailboat bore only the vaguest similarity to the original Atlantic skiff. In fact it was so different as to warrant a new name for a new class of boats from the shop. We call it the Beaufort skiff, and the prototype has already been built, rigged, sea trialed, approved as delightful, and shipped off to Richmond, Virginia. The second of the class is under construction and will be completed early this summer.

Howard Moberg and much of the Thursday crew are building a replica of *Logo*, a spritsail skiff donated to the museum several years ago by the Springle family. *Logo* acquired her name because she is reported to be the boat upon which the museum's logo was based.

Most of our in-the-water fleet is being cycled through the shop for basic maintenance. One of the museum's aged spritsail skiffs, *Ruth II*, is currently in the shop for a major rebuild-



ing under the patient hands of volunteer Bill Trahman. *Ruth II* is a Julian Guthrie boat that suffered a blowout of the mast step while participating in the last Great Race in 2000. Some new planking, centerboard case, frames, mast step, and mast partners are all in the works.

Three new weekend and evening classes have been added to the Watercraft Center Programs. "Diesel Maintenance" is for the boat owner who wants to know how to do the basics such as changing oil, bleeding the system, and reading the exhaust to determine the overall health of their small diesel engine. "Trouble Shooting the Twelve Volt Electric System" is for learning how to find a short, read a multimeter, and how to tell if your batteries are in good shape, among other bits of electrical wizardry. A third class, "Traditional Small Boat Rigs", is for those who want to learn about gaffs, sprits, snotters, throats, peaks and more.

## WCRC

### Whaling City Rowing Club

5 Dover St., New Bedford, MA 02740  
(508) 997-4393, wcrc@msn.com

## A Club Rows Through It The Year in Review

The Whaling City Rowing Club participated in seventeen member events in since the Spring of 2000.

In May we sponsored a Rowing Clinic with the South Coast Learning Network. A dozen adults were introduced to the joy of rowing and the beauty of New Bedford harbor.

The beauty of the harbor was also on display at the May AHA! At the Seamen's Bethel we presented "Views from a Whaleboat", an exhibit of photographs taken by Club members.

We next showed up at Maritime Heritage Days with our Beetle whaleboat *Herman Melville* in tow, literally. We trailered the boat to Water St. for children to climb into and proud parents to photograph.

In June we collaborated with the Coalition for Buzzards Bay for the Palmer's Island Clean Up. Volunteers collected tons of trash

and transported it off island with the whaleboats.

Later in June we launched a whaleboat in Little Bay, Fairhaven and rowed against a strong wind in the West Island Row. There we met a fleet of kayakers from Buzzards Bay Kayak and enjoyed an afternoon of swimming, picnicking and sunbathing.

July meant the New Bedford Independence Day Whaleboat Races during SummerFest and we had over a 140 rowers rowing before a 1,000 spectators. Sweat and smiles were in abundance as families and friends cheered on their favorite teams and the crews rowed their hearts out. The two days of races kept New Bedford's 150 year old tradition of whaleboat races in the harbor alive and well.

At the end of July we teamed up with Buzzards Bay Kayak for the "Pull for the Bay" as part of the Coalition for Buzzards Bay's Celebrate the Bay weekend. Club members rowed three whaleboats and were joined by 32 other boats of all types with 75 rowers from as far away as New Jersey and Texas. These graceful boats plying the waters off New Bedford were a sight to behold.

Coxswain Training was on the agenda in August. Ten club members spent a day on the water learning the craft of coxing a whaleboat.

In September we rowed the Slocums River for the first time to participate in the Lloyd Center for Environmental Studies Block Party. Club members glided down a glistening river and eased into a grassy cove at the Lloyd Center to display a whaleboat for the children and parents attending the Block Party.

A windy October day caused problems for this year's Cuttyhunk to New Bedford Row-a-thon. Gale force winds forced the cancellation of the Row-a-thon. On the same day we held the "Gems of the Sea" Boat Show with The Little Boat Shop of New Bedford. A dozen beautiful craft graced Fort Taber Park as members and visitors feasted on a delicious array of food prepared by club volunteers.

Also in October members participated in Louis' Leaf Row, a row along the Westport River. Members took in the gorgeous fall foliage and successfully battled the strong river currents where the two branches of the Westport River meet.

We joined with the South Coast Learning Network for another Rowing Clinic. A half dozen adults were put through the rigors of rowing and got to see the harbor from a whole

new perspective.

December brought the cold but it also brought some consolation, the Cuttyhunk Consolation Row, that is. We took two boats up the Acushnet River until we encountered ice. It was a cold but lovely, sun-drenched day.

In January (2001) a handful of hardy members formed a Deep Freeze Therapy Group by volunteering to man (and woman) the rock salt and bilges to clear the boats of more than 12" of ice. Over the course of a week we fought the ice and eventually won.

Our Annual Meeting was held in February with over 40 members in attendance. It was clear at the meeting that rowing was not the only thing our members do well as we all feasted on a vast array of delicious dishes. New officers and board members were elected and the highlight of the evening was "Images of Rowing", a slide show capturing all the fun and beauty of rowing our whaleboats along the shores of New Bedford.

In New England, March still means snow and in Hull, Massachusetts, March means the Snow Row. Members crewed the *Herman Melville* competing with 50 other boats and hundreds of rowers from throughout the northeast in the Hull Lifesaving Museum's Annual Snow Row. Our crew took first place in the whaleboat division (yes, we were the only whaleboat entered!).

These events over the past year show how our WCRC rows through the waters and the life of our community. By the events we sponsor, by the organizations we partner with, and by the important community events we participate in (plus our youth programs), the WCRC and its members reveal the spirit and the energy of our growing band of rowers.

For the boats we row in, for the waters we row on, and for the people we row with, let us be thankful, and let's keep on rowing!



75 rowers from all over and 35 boats of all types descended on New Bedford for last year's "Pull for the Bay".

Two whaleboats row up the Acushnet River in December in the Cuttyhunk Consolation Row.



# By-The-Sea

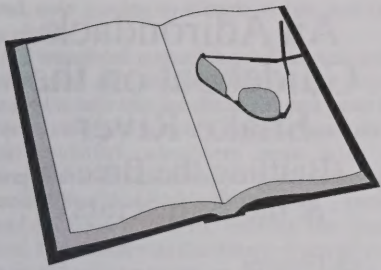
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## Book Review

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### *A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe on the Rivers and Lakes of Europe*

John MacGregor, M.A.,  
Captain of the Royal Canoe Club  
Dixon-Price Publishing,  
Murray, Utah,  
softcover \$17.99  
(First printed in 1866  
in London, England)

Reviewed by John Hawkinson

This was the book that launched a myriad of canoes. J. MacGregor initiated and encouraged many to take to the water in small craft similar to his decked double paddle canoe. He recognized the beauty as well as the utility of facing ahead rather than rowing. The little craft had strength greater than an open boat, dryness, and the stability of its low center of gravity. He could paddle, sail, or just drift using only as much effort as he wanted to exert. His goal was to observe the natural scenery and character of the countries, and he clearly states that the voyage was not for the conventional tourist. "A mine of rich beauties awaits to be explored."

My earliest recollection of MacGregor and the Rob Roy was reading L. Francis Herreshoff's discussion of cabin plans. He referred to both Nathaniel Bishop's *Four Months in a Sneakbox* and MacGregor's book in pointing out that size of accommodations is not proportional to boating pleasure. His words are that these books "...demonstrated that a man with a soul can get along in very small quarters ... also proved that one can write, draw, and think in very small quarters."

The Rob Roy was a 15' oak bottomed, cedar decked canoe, the designer is not specified (nor the builder) but we suspect J. MacGregor had a lot to do with the planning. It was intended to fit on ordinary railroad carriages, and it is hard to remember that European railways were in their infancy in 1866. This trip broke new ground; the only guidebooks, which he bemoans, were for foot travel and were woefully boring and inaccurate. He alludes to the inadequacy of contemporary maps, which lacked the precision of present day ordnance surveys.

Each chapter ends with several footnotes, some of which are technical or personal and augment the text without disturbing the cadence of his writing. We don't have a comparison to test the economic scale, and he would grouse about spending 5 francs or 5 shillings for food and lodging that might cost dearly today. He must have had a remarkable tailor, for his wool flannels lasted through all four major canoe voyages "without losing a button."

He deals well with the onlookers, the bargees, the milkmaids, the washerwomen, the Izaak Waltons, and the innkeepers. MacGregor had some advance publicity, which made his arrival a signal event in small villages. There were various innovative ways to transport the Rob Roy by land. At 80 pounds it could be carried, but its size made it suitable to be lifted on to a cart and moved to a safe place, once drawn by a "milch cow." MacGregor developed the fine art of enlisting one or two of the sturdiest onlookers to help with the lifting and carrying. He was particular about the security of the canoe which spent many nights in odd lodgings such as stables, haylofts, or hotel lobbies.

This voyage was not without rough passages. "Imagine a thousand acres of water in white crested waves, varied only by black rocks resisting a struggling torrent, and a loud, thundering roar, mingled with a strange hissing, as the spray from 10,000 sharp-pointed billows is tossed into the air." MacGregor heeded local knowledge of rapids and falls, but keenly spent the time to analyze a bad spot before tackling it. Skill, strength, and luck carried him past these tests, and his narratives of the running of rapids are delightful.

His drawings brighten the text, and we must remember that the book was published before the day of photography. Inevitably one longs for charts or maps, but this remains a self-service item for all armchair sailors. There are two sequels to this first Rob Roy log, one on the Baltic and one on the Jordan. I look forward to reading them.

While he praised the clear flowing water and unspoiled scenery, J. MacGregor had a fondness at the end of the day for good food, some wine, and clean bed linen.

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### *Featherweight Boatbuilding*

Mac McCarthy  
Wooden Boat Books,  
Brooklin, Maine  
1996 softbound \$19.95

Reviewed by John Hawkinson

The development of a canoe design is shown in this book and demonstrated in many pleasurable experiences that sustain its premise. The author, Henry "Mac" McCarthy is a master of featherweight strip building. He gives us a persuasive text, clearly putting his method within the grasp of the reader willing to follow a series of logical steps.

McCarthy selected the featherweight cedar strip building method for its elegance, grace, light weight, and strength. The open

cockpit reduces weight, an 11-1/2' canoe at about 20 pounds can be easily one-handed from vehicle to water. His goal is to create versatile small craft that combine beauty with ease of use. The Wee Lassie is related to a Rushton prototype with several changes in shape that improve performance. He has increased fullness aft to avoid squatting, while the shallow V-bottom enhances stability and tracking.

The book illustrates why there is enthusiasm for strip planking of small boats. This construction method utilizes temporary section molds fixed to a strongback on which the planking of 1/4" thick cedar strips nest against each other. The opposing coved and beaded edges of these strips both increase the glued surface and assist in the fairing of the hull. The planking is fixed with yellow carpenter's glue, the hull is faired and smoothed, and then lightweight fiberglass sheathing is applied with epoxy to both inside and out. After decking and attachment of rails and other trim the final finish is varnish, which renders the fiberglass invisible.

Mac's "time out" pages are valuable interludes in which he demonstrates the Wee Lassie in many easily accessible waters. These refreshing breaks from the descriptive building text leave us with a clear picture of how a featherweight canoe is best used, as well as incentive to keep going with construction. He points out a dozen or more places which are ideal for exploring with a small canoe.

The book gives measured drawings of the Wee Lassie, but full-sized patterns are available from the author. Mac has taught many to build in his style. Preparing cedar strips and fastening them together is an art well presented. Going one step further, McCarthy explains how to fabricate and insert a decorative strip to enhance the beauty. To avoid lots of filled nail holes, he encourages us to clamp the strips when planking. The chapter about fiberglass and epoxy application dispels many myths and gives a practical but safety conscious approach to the vital reinforced plastic. Careful construction techniques are emphasized from the first page. The text is generous with tips regarding the selection of tools, glues, and supplies. There are many practical jigs used in the construction as timesavers.

Finishing details follow completion of the hull, including rails, small decks fore and aft, bulkheads, thwart, and seat. Double paddle design, construction, and use are explained in detail. A small sailing rig is shown, but a centerboard would be needed for windward work. Cane seats represent the high end of canoe building. McCarthy clearly explains the art of making hand woven canework. He says he can finish one seat in the time it takes to watch a baseball game. The overall result is lightweight, comfortable and beautiful.

One of the "Time Out" sections ends: "Every place I go I find wonderful places to paddle my small canoe. Now that you have your own featherweight canoe, you will, too. One of the nicest aspects of your travels will be when people look at your canoe and ask, 'did you build that?' You can say, 'yes, I sure did.'"

Readers of *Boats* have already been treated to a generous sample of the McCarthy canoes (*Paddling the Okefenokee Swamp*, page 18 of the March 1, 2001 issue). He publishes a newsletter called *The Wee Lassie* to encourage other canoe builders and paddlers.



## Some Experiences on the River



My, my dog Ursi and my guideboat full of gear.



Early morning calm soon turns to wind whipped chop.



Lunch stop at a sandy beach.

Overnight campsite under western skies.



## An Adirondack Guideboat on the Snake River (Battling the Breeze & the Bureacrats)

By Jack Hornung

### Day 1: An Omen, The Man with the Porcine Eyes:

The flashlight shone in my eyes. A voice behind the light was saying, "You can't camp here, this is a day use area." The voice and light had awakened me from sleeping in my truck camper parked on the waterfront.

I explained to the voice that I did not need a campsite, only a parking place, since I was to be met here at Carbonneau Park near the mouth of Washington's Snake River at 6am for a shuttle upriver to Clarkston, from where I would begin rowing back downstream.

"You can't avoid paying the fee," said the man, now visible, with an unblinking determined gaze. I told him again that I didn't need a campsite and that I would pay him the fee to stay put, all to no avail.

Inspector Jauert made me get dressed and then drive my truck from one campsite to another, go to an office, fill out a form, and pay my fee. The only question unasked by this scrupulously thorough official was whether this senior citizen had a Golden Age Passport, which would have cut the campsite fee in half. I was too upset to think of it myself.

### Day 2: Another Omen The Wall of Wind

During the night a strong wind sprang up. At 6am on schedule I was met by Jay Afflack, daughter of the marina operator, who was to drive with me to Clarkston, Washington where my trip would start. We drove about 120 miles on the plateau in southeastern Washington known as "The Palouse", a land of rippling wheatfields reminiscent of a more elongated, not so wild scene as those depicted in Thomas Hart Benton's wild west paintings.

The Snake River slices through this Palouse plateau in a canyon perhaps as deep as 1,000'. This main tributary of the Columbia was the route followed by Lewis and Clark through eastern Washington. It enters Washington from Idaho and courses some 150 miles to its confluence with the Columbia at Pasco, Washington. Lewis and Clark would hardly recognize the river now. In their time they plunged down its untamed rapids in wooden canoes. Today four dams create four long lakes, each about 35 miles long and from 1/4 to 3/4 mile in width. It was my aim to row these four lakes back to my truck, passing through the navigation locks at each dam.

When we arrived at the Clarkston Hell's Gate Resort, from where I was to launch, the wind seemed pretty strong and right in my face as I gazed downriver. I optimistically thought it would abate, unloaded my boat and gear for ten days camping and sent Jay back with the truck. But, guess what? The wind got stronger and developed into a full gale. I finally had sense enough to get a forecast on my handheld VHF, which forecast called for the



wind, now gusting to 40mph, to last well into the night!

I wandered around the marina and met a really good guy, Rick Eggleston. He helped me find a safe slip for the night and gave me river advice over lunch. I learned more about this youthful, ebullient man with an entrepreneurial gleam in his eye. He recently founded his "Aardvak's Adventures", family sized jet boat rental for touring the Snake River. His vision was that people from all over the world will be zooming up and down this uniquely scenic waterway in his safe, fast, comfortable boats.

As you will surmise, this speedy approach would not be the first choice of a snail's pace conqueror like me, but he has a worthy idea. I salute him, recommend that others consider his service, and will return with my wife and daughter to give it a try. I liked Rick so much that I volunteered to help him put up a drywall for a few hours before returning to my motel.

### Day 3: A Happy Oarsman

I launched the next morning onto calm waters. The sun beamed on my adventure and my experience was what I had anticipated. The grassy hillsides sometime became terraced overhanging cliffs, cleft here and there by wooded swales. Unlike the intimacy I had experienced on my prior rowing adventure on New York's Erie Canal, this scenery was big scale and wide open, Lone Ranger country. A railroad, the Camas Prairie Line, ran along the north bank of the river and would be there along the entire length of the river in Washington, at times the only manmade presence. Roads and ranches sporadically appeared and disappeared, and cows grazed on the upper portions of the high grassy hills.

A light breeze came upriver in the afternoon bringing a cooling draft to the now hot canyon. I made camp on a bench just above the river after completing my normal 20 mile daily row. I built a fire on the beach, watched a full moonrise over the water and hills and retired a happy man. This sort of satisfying day is what I had come for.

### Day 4: A Happy Morning Followed by Afternoon Chagrin

The next morning an east (following) wind made a welcome appearance, enough so that I had to do some maneuvering to hold the stern to the following waves. I love these conditions, feeling as if I were tearing along. The downwind sound and feel will be recognized by fellow mariners, a sort of "splurge" as each wave rolls under and carries me along. The upwind song of my boat, in contrast, features the transition at first from the quiet swish of the water in the calm, to the "slippetty-slap" response to wavelets as the breeze picks up. When these wavelets become fewer and larger as the wind increases, the song becomes a "slap-pause-slap-pause"; and finally, when the waves become really large, it quiets again as the boat now lifts and falls to the crests.

By late morning the first dam and locks came into view, "Lower Granite". When I got to within about a half mile I hailed the lock tender on my VHF, told him I was the 14' Adirondack Guideboat rowing towards him and asked for instructions to transit. After a few minutes a terse reply told me to tie up in the middle of the lock and to not exit until the

## Some People Who Helped



Jay Afflack drove me to the launch site in my camper truck.



Washington state park ranger Dennis Mills rescued me at aborted trip's end.

signal horn sounded.

As I started for the lock, the lock tender's voice came on again. "Wait, how are you powered?"

"By oars."

"Then you cannot pass through the lock."

"What do you mean, I cannot pass through the lock? I cleared this rowing voyage with your central office weeks ago and got information about your schedules sent to me."

"Who did you talk to in our office?"

"Juanita Hodson."

"I don't care, it's our policy in District 1 to not let in any boat without a motor."

"What's the reason behind that?"

"We'd have every canoe and kayak in the northwest using our locks."

"I have a very seaworthy boat and have gone through dozens of locks on the Erie Canal without a hitch."

"I don't care."

"Do you mean to tell me that you would let me through in this same boat if it had a motor?"

"That's our policy. You can portage over the dam."

"I have a bad foot injury, too much gear, it's physically impossible for me to portage. I had not prepared for this. Can I get some assistance?"

No answer.

"You are forcing me to row 35 miles back to Clarkston and ruining a long planned vacation trip which was cleared by your office. Is that what you want to do?"

"I am not going to argue with you, I am not going to lock you through."

I thought he announced this to me, not only without sympathy for my plight but with an actual tone of satisfaction.

I leave to your imagination, fellow boaters, how let down and angry I felt, discriminated against for wanting to go down this historic river in the fashion of Lewis and Clark, powered by muscle not by gasoline.

Some sympathetic powerboaters got me to a phone at a county ranger station. A telephone call to the Corps of Engineers headquarters got me to a higher official who corroborated the locktender's policy announcement and told me that my prior Corps contact had been with a "low level official". He tried to be



## Some Big Barges Along the Way



Commercial traffic, a wheat barge and tug.



A barge that didn't make it.

helpful but was adamant on the policy.

Dejectedly I made plans to row the 35 miles back to Clarkston and go home. But then help arrived from an unexpected quarter. The Wawaii County ranger whose phone I was using took pity on my plight. Whereas the Corps of Engineers officials had been coldly indifferent about their policy's impact upon my adventure, and the incorrect advice given me originally, Ranger Bart Dearborn offered his help. If I would pay his expenses involved, using his local knowledge he would, in his off duty time, drive my boat, gear and myself over the lengthy circuitous mountainous roads around two of the three dams I needed to traverse. I gratefully accepted his generous offer.

That evening found me encamped at Boyer Park below the dam. Despite being very tired, and with my injured foot aching, I was relieved to be able to continue my adventure. Boyer Park was a lovely park, typical of those run by the county, state and Corps along the river.

### Day 5: the Upriver Wind Returns

At Boyer Park I had noticed that the individual pavilions had brick windbreaks to protect them from winds coming upriver. Inquiry revealed that the information I had garnered from in the *U.S. West Coast Pilot* was

in error. In all seasons, not just summer, the wind usually blows upriver more days than not and blows strongly and steadily. Right after I started out in calm conditions, the local information was borne out. The wind arose to perhaps 10-15mph and the waves were maybe 1'-2', but closely spaced. Now began an unrelieved morning of toil.

Not quite unrelieved, because suddenly a sight confronted me which would arouse terror in the stoutest heart. Ahead of me down the river a mile or two appeared two big military planes flying low over the water, multi engines smoking, heading straight for me. The Corps of Engineers, I thought, was making sure I would not survive to tell the public about their "policy". As these two planes, B-52s, roared over me, I had a hint of how the Vietnamese peasantry might have felt when, instead of doing practice runs, these planes were dropping bombs and napalm.

After lunch there was some abatement in the wind and waves, but conditions got worse later in the afternoon. For the first time in over 1,500 miles of rowing, my guideboat took on substantial water (not over the gunwales). At day's end, despite steady efforts over the long day, I had made only 16 miles, at one stretch being slowed to 1-1/2mph despite the help of the favorable 1/2mph current.

My campsite that night was a small black

sand beach in a cove. I slept soundly under clear open western skies. The mule deer whose tracks I had seen on landing admonished me with his blowing on the sandy slopes above for cutting him off from his nightly watering hole. I apologized to him as best I could.

### Day 6: Futility and Surrender

The big challenge of the day was to make 17 miles to my rendezvous with my ranger benefactor near the second dam by late afternoon. I was on the water very early hoping to have some morning calm before the diurnal upriver breeze arose. No such luck! By 7am the wind and waves were exerting their steady resistance to my progress. I felt a sinking feeling coming over me.

Then an incident occurred which made me question my seamanship and aroused fear for my safety. As a matter of rowing policy I am a shoreline hugger. This is to take advantage of smaller waves there and to enable me to get ashore in case of a capsize. But the dammed up lower Snake River has been transformed into four fairly wide lakes and the wind, which normally maintains a steady strength, seems distorted by the cliffs into gusts and momentary calms, with proportionate effect on the waves.

As I was rowing unavoidably under an unrelieved stretch of sheer cliffs I spotted a cruise ship coming upriver. Anticipating a big wake, I rowed out away from the relative calm under the cliff wall into more turbulent conditions, to avoid the wake rebounding from the cliff. When that wake arrived it lifted me up several times on its 3'-4' swells. These swells were travelling with the wind conditions, so I was not unduly concerned, but what if the cruise ship had been travelling the other way? Then its wake would have conflicted with the wind waves. Add cliff rebound and my little boat might have been in real trouble.

By late morning I knew I would not make my rendezvous with Bart. I also sadly concluded that my rowing efforts were neither effective nor fun. So when I arrived at Central Ferry State park, about 40% of the way along my intended day's distance, I decided to throw in the towel.

Ranger Dennis Miles and his assistant Teri Ockwell were most courteous in transporting my boat and gear the long distance from the water to the campground where I would stay that night. When I called my benefactor, Ranger Bart, he offered to drive me back to my truck downriver.

I was disappointed but not discouraged. The Snake River is well worth exploration and I will definitely return, but with caveats.

### Conclusions and Lessons

Unless you are a kayak or canoe expert who can do a rollover recovery in a small decked boat, I think tackling the Snake River is too dangerous for a small muscle powered boat. The danger emanates from the natural high winds and resulting closely spaced waves, from big and conflicting wakes from large power vessels, from speeding tugs without loads which create very large and dangerous wakes, from a minority of powerboat operators who behave stupidly, and from unexpected and unexplainable accidents, such as one in which my wife and I were dumped into the icy Columbia River several years ago when our canoe suddenly just rolled over. Hypoth-



ermia is an ever present danger on the Snake.

For those of us who are not experts I feel the only way to travel on the Snake is in company with a larger powerboat. This would be especially true for groups. But are the hassles of rowing into that wind and dealing with bypassing the dams worth it? Not for me. You might ask why not row upriver with the wind? Because this means rowing against the steady, if small, current, current which might become impossible below each of the dam spillways.

I will return to the Snake in two better ways. First I will take my wife and daughter on one of Rick Eggleston's family size jet

boats. Second I will redo my attempted adventure in my pocket cruiser Ranger 20 sailboat. I will depart Clarkston and beat on long tacks against the wind downriver and run or broad reach back on my return upriver. With the proper boat for the adventure I expect the lower Snake's 300 round trip miles to be spectacular and satisfying.

Another alternative, using cruising guides and state topo maps, would be to launch from ramps and cruise any of the lakes individually. The best time to do this is in the early spring when the normally arid brown hills are green from snowmelt. This time of year also avoids the stultifying summer heat that can descend on the Snake.

## Aids

A Washington state road map.  
Delorme's topo atlas for Washington state.

The Evergreen Pacific River Cruising Atlas for the Columbia, Snake and Willamette Rivers.

The Umbrella Guide to Exploring the Columbia-Snake River Inland Waterways, by Charlene and Ted Nelson. This is an essential, well written history, general description and detailed guide to marinas, parks and ramps. It is available for \$15.95 from Epicenter Press, Box 82368, Kenmore, WA 98028.

## Riverbank Scenes

Vertical striations of basalt formations.



Horizontal striations from the long ago lava overflow which formed the Palouse.



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After 16 years of sailing go-fast beach catamarans I had to admit to having accumulated a fair amount of disdain toward monohulls. Could anyone really enjoy sailing so slow? Once I gave it a try, though, it didn't take me long to realize that I had been missing the point. It doesn't have anything to do with speed or the number of hulls you have under you. The real distinction to be made involves the absolute universe of difference between daysailing and that thing boating people call "cruising."

As I set about learning the unfamiliar ways of travel by slow boat, I found my entire world view changing. In no time at all, my life as a dirt dweller came to seem abhorrent in its slavery to scheduling (which was not tide related) and to the accumulation of material possessions (other than boating equipment). After acquiring a modestly appointed 26' cabin sloop named *Sun Bum*, I vowed to commit myself to the liveaboard life of the water vagabond. Or at least the fantasy of it on most of my summer weekends.

My first few trips were simple overnights, all of which were invariably sprinkled with generous doses of both extreme terror and very welcome comic relief. Although the learning curve was steep and sometimes embarrassing, I can proudly say that no one got hurt and I managed not to damage anyone else's boat (except for a plugged-up head, about which I will not go into detail).

At the beginning of this past season, feeling more or less weaned from my Hobie Cat beginnings, I searched for a more meaningful measure of my transformation into a real sailor. I scanned the coastal chart rack until my eye was caught by the large, featureless stretch of ocean located between Cape Henlopen and Cape May. I had found the challenge I was looking for, a four-day cruise from Ocean City, New Jersey, to Rehoboth Bay, Delaware.

I knew from the start that the Rehoboth Bay trip was going to be different. Even with a favorable wind, the rhumb line route from New Jersey to Delaware would put us out of sight of land for several hours. A tacking trip would put us even further offshore. We would actually have to navigate! And we would be

## Cruise to Rehoboth Bay

### A Story of Lost Sleep and Loser Outboards

By J.B. Wilson

passing through the shipping lanes to Philadelphia and the Chesapeake, with just a tiny chance of being run over! And, since I'd never been to Delaware, we would be traveling to a strange port in a strange land, more or less. My imagination was aflame, as they say.

My cruise mate for this trip was to be my buddy John Faith (aka "Lucky John"), a sailor not only astonishingly lucky by nature but one imbued with the unshakable faith that people basically get what they deserve. His karma has rubbed off on me on a number of occasions, at least when I stay in close proximity, and I've always welcomed his steady hand when things get dicey.

The first leg of the trip was supposed to be an easy six-hour sail out Great Egg Harbor Inlet and down the coast to Cape May, except our outboard developed a misfire at high speed almost immediately upon leaving the dock. After two hours of trial-and-error mechanics, during which we anchored and unanchored four times, we decided it would be easier to simply go slow. When we finally got out front and trimmed our sails, we enjoyed a truly marvelous day of sailing as sailing is always meant to be but seldom is.

Arriving in Cape May Harbor, we docked at the High-and-Dry Marina in plenty of time to freshen ourselves up for the first evening of our cruise. A stroll through the Victorian streets of Cape May put us at the door of the Ugly Mug tavern where we met several charming locals who seemed fascinated by the salty bearing of myself and John Faith and our ribald and only slightly embellished tales of adventure on the sea. John, sporting his trademark bandanna skullcap, looked appropriately pi-

rate-like. That first night proceeded on its predictable course, ending in a much too late beer-enhanced slumber aboard ship.

Waking to a dreary dawn the following morning, we exited the harbor and headed south under threatening skies. Visibility remained poor as we entered the shipping lanes, so we judiciously hoisted the radar reflector which I had bought, mainly because it looked neat. Except for a course change which seemed advisable due to an approaching barge, our transit between capes was materially uneventful. The effect on our psyches, however, we were sure would be plain for all to see. We were no longer to be considered mere Hobie Catters. We had crossed the abyss.

The trip, actually, was something less than the epic voyage I had plotted. Because of the unsettled forecast, we had decided to take the less direct route which kept us closer to shore and which would have allowed us the alternate haven of Lewes, Delaware, if the need arose. Regardless of such details, from out of the gloom appeared the form of Cape Henlopen from whence we water tower navigated down the Delaware coastline to Indian River Inlet. Upon arriving, we immediately proceeded to diddle about outside the inlet for two hours because 1) the fixed bridge spanning the entrance was too low for us at high tide, 2) we had no tide chart for the area and, consequently, very little idea of when high tide was, and 3) the bridge had no clearance marker.

By the time we felt we had a sufficient margin of safety to make it in, the outflowing current was ripping and the weather had taken an ugly turn. Thankfully, we were safely under the bridge before a rain squall hit us with 50 knot winds and 100' visibility. Inconveniently, John went below to "look for his poncho" and lingered to make himself an emergency cup of tea or something while I was on deck busy losing the channel and running aground. Our slow but mostly trustworthy outboard got us on our way again, after which we decided to cut short our exploration of the bay (which seemed to have very little water in it) and pulled into the only marina within 10 miles of the inlet.

After tying up, we inquired about the obvious dearth of sailing type vessels in the area. The explanation we received was that the horrendous local tidal currents made it tough going for any craft that was even slightly under-powered. It was recommended to us that we only attempt to run the inlet at slack water.

It wasn't long before we realized, with great unpleasant surprise, that Marina X was located smack in the middle of 20 miles of undeveloped coastal region owned in perpetuity by the State of Delaware. In other words, no bars within 10 miles. And no public transportation. After settling in and cleaning up, we tried thumbing a ride, but we must have had that I'm-from-New-Jersey look. After the mosquitoes threatened to drain us of all bodily fluids, we wound up calling the only taxi service that would respond to a call from the boon-docks and headed for some well deserved R&R in Dewey Beach, at the Rusty Scupper tavern.

The Rusty Scupper, it turned out that evening, was like a college freshman's dream of what a "beer blast" is suppose to be like. Imagine Labor Day weekend and hordes of the inebriated of both sexes jammed together in unavoidably close physical contact while



frantically trying to memorialize the last big party weekend of the summer. The outside deck was packed with dancers in spite of a steady downpour, resulting in a bounty of wet, umm, articles of clothing.

Eventually we found our way back to the *Bum* for some much too brief snooze time. We shut our eyes at 0330 knowing full well that we had to be up by 0530 in order to beat the tide.

It was still dark at 0530, I had blisters on my feet from dancing barefoot, and the somewhat trustworthy outboard wouldn't start. I spent an hour of precious tidal time using up my limited bag of tricks and then stumbled out to find a mechanic who could get us rolling again. The idea of being stuck in Delaware for any amount of time, regardless of the Rusty Scupper, didn't appeal to me at all. As I stood in the phone booth staring at blurry Yellow Pages ads, John came up yelling "it's running, let's go!" I had forgotten that John had been a mechanic in a previous life. We raced down the dock, jumped onboard, and headed for the inlet.

As we approached our favorite fixed bridge, I realized that the current was already galloping and that I would need full throttle in order to maintain steerage. In spite of being busy praying to the outboard motor god (god-dess?), I had a brief moment to think "Lordy, that bridge looks low!" By that point I figured that if we were going to hit, we had no choice but to hit it hard. I ducked in reflex as we passed cleanly under the center of the span without incident.

Back out front and homeward bound, we set our compass this time for the offshore route. The forecast called for deteriorating conditions that night with a full-blown nor'easter the following day, so we felt it best to try the return trip in one leg. We were confident we could negotiate our home inlet after dark if we really had to. In the meantime, the light winds prevailing suited our sleep deprived demeanor just fine, even as the persistently unsettled weather kept us watchful for squalls. While Lucky John snoozed, I quietly exalted

in our mini-passage between the land of the Delawarians and our home lying beyond the horizon.

In spite of a smooth crossing, our fatigue got the better of us and the sight of Cape May lighthouse convinced us to tuck into port for a full night's slumber. After docking, however, we decided there was plenty of time for rest after another visit to the Ugly Mug. Friendly faces welcomed us as prodigal wanderers, but we managed to keep our visit brief in anticipation of an unpleasant final leg of our cruise the following day.

Morning broke to a dismal forecast of 9' seas and 35 knot winds. The final stretch would be by way of the protected Intracoastal Waterway (ICW), a route with its own disheartening qualities. We knew there were bridges and shoals and lots of noisy motoring ahead of us, but we didn't anticipate six hours of spray over the bow, a 12-degree heel under a sailless rig, and cranky bridge tenders. We also didn't anticipate the storm tide which made it necessary to drop *Sun Bum's* mast in order to make it under the two fixed bridges along the way. The only bright spot of the day was the six gallons of free gasoline given to us at a gas dock by someone who clearly felt that he was better off being rid of these lunatic sailors as quickly as possible.

Upon our arrival back at Bluewater Marina we were greeted by John's wife, Kathy, and fellow sailor Bill Marsman, both of whom had spontaneously dropped by to "see if the boys were back." We then unflinchingly squandered the last three hours of daylight huddled below out of the wind, polishing off the ship's store of anything with alcohol in it. I vaguely recall discussing at some length John Faith's mildly bizarre definition of "friendship" which, of necessity, seemed to exclude everyone in the world.

After amicably concluding that none of us were really friends (and since the well was dry, anyway) everyone went their way leaving me to contemplate the beauty of the twilight sky and the significance of the journey just completed.

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You could spend the rest of your life walking around London and not see all the good stuff. In a few days you can cover the tourist essentials. If you have a day or two to poke around and see some offbeat boat stuff, tag along with me now and we'll have a look.

Let's start at Waterloo station, a place that's easy to find. Pick up an Underground map, probably near the entrance or at some info booth. It will no doubt pay you to get a day ticket. They are good from 9:00 am until late at night and also work on lots of buses.

We are headed east to Canada Water. I think it's on the Jubilee line. I forget the color. Hop off at Canada Water and find your way upstairs. You should find yourself looking south at what's left of the old Canada Water dock. Go down toward the lake and turn left along the edge. The way leads to a sunken walk along a miniature canal. Keep your eyes open and you'll see remnants of the original canal.

Follow this little waterway till you come to Surry Water, another dock remnant. Carry on around the water to your right, and just before you get to a little park with three curious bronze figures, a sort of formal street with walks leads uphill to the east. This route will lead you to a tall, conical, man made hill with great views and a model showing all the old docks.

Perhaps off to the SSE you can make out some tall buildings with curious round tops. They mark South Dock. Off to the east is a tall tower at Canary Wharf. See if you can pick a route from Stave Hill through the Russia Dock woodland toward South Dock.

We descend Stave Hill, work south to a path where we turn east (left) to a green way with a path heading south. Follow along here, passing under a busy street, following what was once a canal. Finally you come to Greenland Dock, a very large expanse of water. Follow the water around to your left. There is a large pub here, but I understand it is frequented by "those" kind of people. Better hang on for the Wibly-Wobbly.

The bollards had a strange fascination for Dennis.



# Big Boat Expose & Walking Tour Conclusion

## Walking Tour of London

By Jim Thayer

Continuing on clockwise around Greenland Dock, you will see that the east end is inhabited by a number of larger boats, mostly barges. Go out the middle and over the high pedestrian bridge for a good look around. Go across the bridge and around to your right, and shortly you are at the Wibly-Wobbly. You have earned a little reward, so have a pint, or half at least.

Exiting the W-W up the gangplank, continue straight ahead and in a few paces you are at South Dock. Bear left around the control tower and go out for a look at the Thames. Watch for one of those seductive bollards. There is a signed walk you can follow upstream all the way to Tower Bridge, but unfortunately it is frequently interrupted by large apartment buildings which require lengthy detours. It's recommended only if you are lusty for exercise and have plenty of time

Return to the lock, cross, and continue on around the south side and up the west side. You will probably note a couple of quite nice cement boats. The keen-eyed may note a Friendship sloop somewhere around the middle. At the corner, angle off toward the left, making toward a fenced boat enclosure. Pass between the boats and the sailing center, cross the slipway, and follow the edge of Greenland Dock. There is some old lock machinery and a couple of historical signs, as well as benches. At the head of Greenland Dock, go down under the lift bridge, up the other side, past the bus stop, and turn right in front of the Tesco supermarket. Past the shopping trolleys, enter

Surrey Quays Mall. On ahead, up the escalator, is a Burger King and a little French sandwich joint. There are also public loos up and down.

Out the north end, keep left around Canada Water and watch for the gazebo and the nearby statue of a deal porter. Every stick of wood was carried off the boats on somebody's back.

Keep going and pretty soon you are back at the Canada Water tube station. Hop back on heading east and descend at the next station, Canary Wharf. Impressive escalators here. There are a number of docks around here and a map would be handy. For those who plan ahead, you can get very detailed maps at [www.multimap.com](http://www.multimap.com). Even aerial photos. Just type in London or, for our jaunt, Bermondsey. To the northward there is a very old tugboat and a couple of rusty buckets. I didn't have time to really explore the place.

You'll probably have to ask someone, but somehow find your way to the Docklands Light Railway. It's up a couple of flights of stairs. Catch a train for Tower Gateway. You may have to change. You'll note that these trains carry a conductor but no motorman. I assume that somebody somewhere is keeping an eye on things. Tower Gate is the end of the line and it's all downhill from here. We are headed for St Katherine's Dock Head downhill toward the river. Perhaps you can see Tower Bridge. Fierce traffic hereabouts. Remember to look right. We want to approach the river just east of the bridge. Turn left on East Smithfield and watch for a gate.

There are some goldplaters, usually a square rigger, and a number of Thames barges. Someone may be interested to know that there is also plenty of shopping and eats.

Finding your way out to the SW, you'll be looking up at Tower Bridge. Go up the inside stairway and emerge on the traffic deck. Just up stream is the Tower of London, which you have to do sooner or later. For now, let's continue on across the bridge. The bridge tour





is probably worth it, but I didn't have time. Once across, head upstream. Here's your chance to have a drink, watch the river traffic, and just do the tourist thing. I hear that the power plant turned art museum is now open. The millennium footbridge turned out to be too spastic to walk on. The Globe Theater is along here somewhere.

Watch for a large covered arcade which has as a centerpiece a glorious ship fountain. This thing merits extended study. The clinically minded may even find evidence of an alimentary canal. Further on watch for the


*Golden Hind.* This replica obviously didn't work out too well judging from the sponsons.

Some of the tunnels under the bridges have good illustrations and histories. You'll see signs for the Clink, which is synonymous with jail wherever English is spoken. Somewhere off beyond the Clink is the wine district with wall-mounted cranes and some nice retail establishments.

I crossed over at London Bridge so this

is the end of the tour. If you are here near sundown the light is marvelous on the bridges and the ruins of an old one. There is a good walk down the north side, but it is interrupted by a number of buildings.

I'll leave you here. You can catch a tube for home, or walk up and do the city. A real walker could do our little tour in one day. If you like to saunter, look into things and sit a spell, better make it two.



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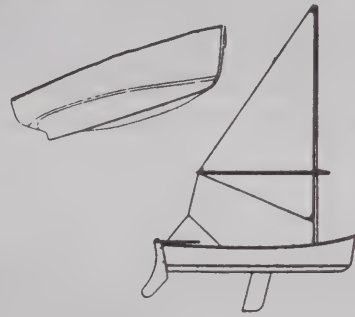


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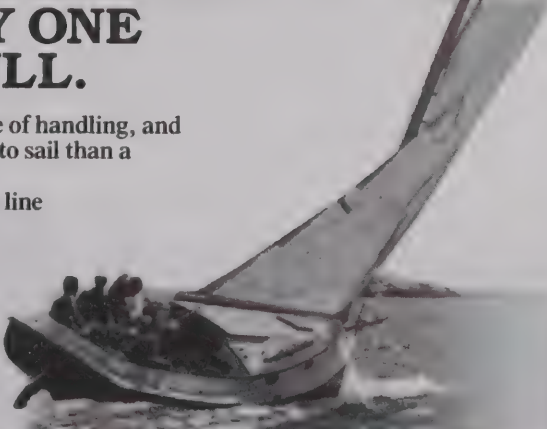
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A gaggle of Kim Smith dories arrive in Orleans from Canada for some of the Cape Cod Vikings.

## New Arrivals

Photos by Barry Donahue, *Cape Cod Voice*



A study in stability, Mike Orbe's new Kim Smith dory handles an easy 600+ pounds with Viking Club members aboard.



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With a little help from some friends, members of the Cape Cod Viking Rowing Club and the Friends of Pleasant Bay put up an osprey nesting platform on the marsh at Hog Island Creek in Pleasant Bay, Orleans.





It's about great sailing, and just plain good boating, available in a 70-lb. craft whose 45-lb. hull rides any car's roof. It's about a new sailing rig. It's about an autumn affair of a vastly experienced gentleman with his new love.

Meade Gougeon, of the Gougeon Brothers of WEST Systems Epoxy, saw my *Puffin* sailing in August of 1998 at the Great Lakes Small Craft Symposium. He wanted to buy her, but I built him a new one. In August of 1999 he christened *Serendipity*. She's a modern boat about equally proficient under sail or double-bladed paddle. Compared to *Puffin*, *Serendipity* has a rounded, fuller deck with 10% more volume, improved cockpit coaming, more refined seat, and a 10% bigger gunter sail which reefs faster. *Serendipity* now has the third evolution of a rig Meade has designed.

These boats sail well and have an honored history since the late 1800s. Meade saw *Puffin* sail on a light air day. He was amazed but immediately understood the fundamentals of an efficient sail rig and hull over a good foil and rudder. Since he'd been paddling canoes and kayaks for years, he saw the potential joy in a low grief boat that sails well, and paddles well, too.

Our first day trip was on the Saginaw River, from the Gougeon plant near the mouth at Bay City to the Shiawassee U.S. Wildlife Refuge 20 miles SSW upstream. In Michigan's mitten, Bay City sits in the crook between thumb and hand. The Saginaw River drains the cup of your palm and thumb, (the "pocket" of a baseball glove), a sixth of Michigan's Lower Peninsula.

Thursday, September 16<sup>th</sup>, of Hurricane Floyd week was N-NE, 7-15, and sunny. The river comes down from the south so, being gentlemen of sorts, we ran up the river. At 9:30 AM at the Gougeon plant it was in the mid '50s, low '70s later.

We were zipping along at hull speed plus within a half-hour of leaving the plant. It was great fun watching Meade and conversing. The breeze was increasing, so we reefed at our first stop.

Our gunter's flaw is the complexity and slowness of reefing. Meade saw a way to eliminate some complexity, which had eluded me for years. I was elated. Then he peanut-buttered Wasa bread and stuck on apple slices. Tasty, just right. From thermoses we had stout coffee, pressed that morning, Puget Sound style. With the breeze filled in, concern evaporated about later meeting Glen, Meade's 35-year-old.

After we reefed, a soothing slide of Midwest lowland passed, some old industrial now less industrial, big piles of sand and gravel, humming factories and hollow ones, here GM, there Prestone. *Serendipity* and *Puffin* danced on a magic carpet of comfort and seaworthiness, in a package so spare, Murphy seemed collared by simplicity.

Meade and *Serendipity* were courting, but he was captivated. This boat building icon, winner of Chicago and Port Huron Mackinac Races, DN ice boat champion, builder of *Golden Dazy*, *Rogue Wave*, *Adagio*, *Adrenalin*, *Slingshot*, the author of *The Gougeon Brothers on Boat Construction*, successful businessman, gentleman, and with a passion for raising children, he and wife Janet have adopted seven for a total of ten, age 35 down to 12, this Gougeon was as excited about sailing ca-

## Serendipity: A Magic Carpet

By Hugh Horton

An earlier version was published in *Sailing Magazine*, June 2000.

This is a story about *Serendipity*, a cruising sailing canoe (see *MAIB* November 1 1999, Boatshop News).

noes as I.

We ran up the Saginaw River in bliss. I wondered if white phase great blue herons were among the egrets, and noted the styles of manipulated shoreline. Meade discussed a foundation's board he sits on which donates matching funds to good projects, like the boardwalk we passed along a wetland.

But it was sailing that sang to us. Meade was usually ahead, varnish gleaming, tanbark sail glowing, bow wave tumbling, elegant, efficient, comfortable. My wishful rationalization said he was ahead because of his 10% bigger sail. But, of course, it's because I've never raced and he's a master.

He pointed out frequent old pilings in rows and grids left by the white pine lumber mills. The Saginaw watershed gave up as much lumber as any area in the world, ever. Over a billion board feet a year for most of 30 years. More than a hundred big mills along 20 miles of the river, the dollars dwarfed California's Gold Rush. In less than 35 years the lumbermen had cut themselves out of timber and work. Can you imagine that forest?

Just past the Zilwaukee Bridge (an infamous, Herculean boondoggle), we beached. Meade stepped out again without getting his feet wet. I've been wearing zoris for a quarter century, so I never think about it. A small plane was circling 1000' up. Meade laughed and said, "it's brother Jan."

Stepping back into *Serendipity*, he gave a little shove with the other shoe and was away, dry still. From *Serendipity*'s christening two weeks before he'd learned quickly.

After sailing awhile, he pronounced, "we're going at just the right speed."

"The good life," I agreed

We talked about our little beauties, other boats, families, health and nutrition, our baseball Tigers, no politics. Another brother, Joel, is a Michigan State senator, Republican. I'm a lefty.

Our talk always returned to the day's sailing until we were apart enough to raise our voices. When words turned to murmurs, the other would get lost in the sail's luff or leech, leeboard or wake. We gybed some, but usually ran on and on, voices up and down.

An old lake freighter (*E.A. Ford*, LIT Line) was tied up on the west side. Her stern was shapely, curves from house to sheer were pretty.

"Some of the new cruise ships are ugly, aren't they?"

"Yeah," he wagged his head, frowning.

My freighter days in the Far East had flashed up, flaking hulls from low on the water of other rivers, imagining the stainless steel galley within this one, seeing a torrent of faces, most happy. Back then I thought freighters were darn fine ways to travel. They were, and

are, but our decked canoes torch singing to us up the Saginaw. How I would have loved to have had *Serendipity* in Bangkok or Saigon, Kobe or Keelung!

Most of my focus was on our sail shape, the leading edge of our leeboards, the flow of water off stern and rudder, things like that. As the designer/builder, assembling a boat for a boat building icon is daunting. From his enormous file of building techniques to his compassion for a one-off builder's tribulations, it was the commission of a lifetime, though. I wish every boat builder could have at least one customer like Meade.

Running still reefed we passed two immense, concrete grain elevator complexes.

"Beans," he said, "4000 tons per year Navy bean industry."

Close to Saginaw the river had been forgotten, like Detroit's. I was happy to have seen here, though, a mix of rubble shores, old wooden walls, and sloped, fence-wired cobble banks, rather than steel, sheet pile seawalls. Channelization of rivers with sheet pile is almost always a bad choice. Shorelines' biological functioning is kaput, and we're not trying to push sewage and flood waters down to the next person. Or we shouldn't be. Nor do seawalls make exit from the water to the land easy, for anyone or anything.

At a stop just above Saginaw, we shook out the reefs. Great blue herons and egrets stood in the shallows along one side or the other much of the way. The river was low like the rest of the Great Lakes that fall, and almost traffic free. We ran and broad reached by two cities and two Hooters. Paddles were nearly forgotten. We didn't give a hoot.

But we still made our takeout 45 minutes early, although in dead air once we had paddled a few strokes.

"Around the bend?" Mead asked. We didn't want to stop. Who wants to hop off a magic carpet?

"Sure." We ran and broad reached another mile or so up the quarter-mile wide river. Around a bend, joining from the northwest, was the Tittabawassee and the beginning of the Shiawassee Refuge. The race back to the takeout was on.

At *Serendipity*'s christening a couple weeks before, I'd felt I'd been faster than Meade when I was in *Puffin*. We'd traded boats then, and I'd thought I was faster. Now my advantage lasted about four more tacks until Meade saw one can tack instantly (on the proverbial dime) to use the briefest wind shifts, as fast as any roll tacking dinghy. Then his still climbing learning curve crossed my more flat one, and quoting Caddy Shack's Carl (Bill Murray), "that was all she wrote."

At the takeout, Meade's son Glen was surprised we were there so soon. Well, I'd thought, we were on magic carpets.

We were ready for another river trip ASAP, within our schedules. A medical situation arose in my family which subtracted beautiful weather days and added worry/uncertainty. We chose October 13th from a few days ahead.

Burn choice (should've known, you say)? Lower 50s, N-NE 15-20 plus gusts, continual rain, gale warnings on Saginaw Bay. Too dark to photo.

But we had fun. We cartopped the boats to the ramp where we took out last time, and ran up the River into the Shiawassee Flats Refuge. I tried my new Musto bibs. Dandy.



Meade, an ice boater, was happy as a duck.

He'd designed a new rig to reduce reefing time. It looked good, tanbark red, and he was experimenting, reefing and shaking out quickly. We sailed to the southwest end of the Shiawassee, the last one-and-a-half miles in water less than a foot deep. We beat back out in 4"-8" of water, sometimes scooching across barely covered mud.

We were stoked with that beat out! We were reefed and not pointing as high as we can, but we still climbed out, mostly port tack. We did a foot temperature experiment, too. I tugged and grappled on one spare neoprene booty of Meade's to see if it would be warmer than my zori clad foot. The clammy booty was colder most of the time. Once, briefly, it began to feel warm, but changed to cold again when I moved my zori foot out of the rain.

Many fish were jumping. Fishermen told us they were "shad," "white bass," "walleye," "carp." Named or not, jumping fish are usually fun.

It was in the 40s near dark. Repeating our beat of three weeks earlier, he was getting good enough with his rig which had gained a tiny bit of area, to beat me readily. I paddled the last mile or so and really warmed up.

After he landed, he walked up grinning and shaking his head. "Well," he said laughing, "we picked the worst day of the fall. It was great, wasn't it?"

October 27th became a free day and it looked good on the Weather Channel. Meade shuffled his schedule and we went to the same ramp southwest of Saginaw. The Cass River in the Shiawassee was our destination. It was sunny and warm. The breeze was light, S, SW, N, NE 0-8, 60s, sunny, dry. Leaf color was just past peak.

Meade had another new sail, a second development of his first prototype. He'd gained another few percent of area in the roach, added a second reef, and refined the shape. The cloth was lighter and stiffer, but white.

The day was mixed ghosting, some 3-knot broad reaching, and occasionally a few paddle strokes, gorgeous light air sailing on the lower Cass River. We saw two bald eagles, but few other birds. Meade's sail, with its greater area and better shape higher, easily beat

mine.

Michigan's good weather continued. The medical problem was gone. We saw another day, November 8th, S-W 0-25, sunny, 50s, 60s. "Let's run from our friendly ramp in Saginaw down to the plant in Bay City. Reverse of our last trip?"

"Okay," I said.

We had plenty of wind, 10-15 early. Meade's reefing had a workout as he seemed, to be looking for excuses.

"Hmm. Not much breeze in this lee," he'd say as we neared trees.

"Yeah." I looked away for a second, then back. He'd be at the mast again. I blinked.

"That's better," he said, leaning back, sheet in hand.

We were out of the lee, so he popped in a reef. I wouldn't have cared if the sheet pulled my fingers off, and I had to luff for miles. I wasn't going to take most of 10 minutes to reef my gunter.

The nice, old freighter was still tied to the shore. An attraction of our Saginaw River trips was always the chance to see a freighter. So on the season's fourth and last river jaunt, I was happy to see the *E.M. Ford* still docked where we'd passed her September 16th when we'd been running upstream. In 1969 I'd been a pantryman aboard a "tramp" steamer to Japan, Korea, Taiwan, Thailand, and Vietnam. Seeing freighters I always imagine the crew in them, where from, where bound, what unusual sea conditions or skies they'd seen, what tragedy or beauty they'd felt.

We beached on an island at the beginning of a channel. In the sand were the biggest whitetail deer prints I've seen. This deer must have escaped from a Wrestling Deer TV show, or maybe had a muley in the family. Meade held up giant freshwater clams. What's in the water here? We were making good time, so we lingered at each stop. He again peanut-buttered Wasa and sliced apples. This ritual I love. I'd missed it on the rain trip.

Along the banks of the channel are layers and layers of muddy old boards exposed by the low water. Some of the sawmills had built up their shores by piling thousands of feet of imperfect lumber under them. Now the wood looked like layers of dark shale, tilted

and twisted by tectonics.

Past the Zilwaukee Bridge we came round a bend and there was a "laker" a half-mile ahead, easing upstream. Another grand freighter, and this one alive and moving. I was glad we were piloting *Serendipity* and *Puffin*, not enormous *Earl W. Oglebay*, Oglebay Norton Company. Think of the shallows. At least Oglebay was against a slight current to aid steerage.

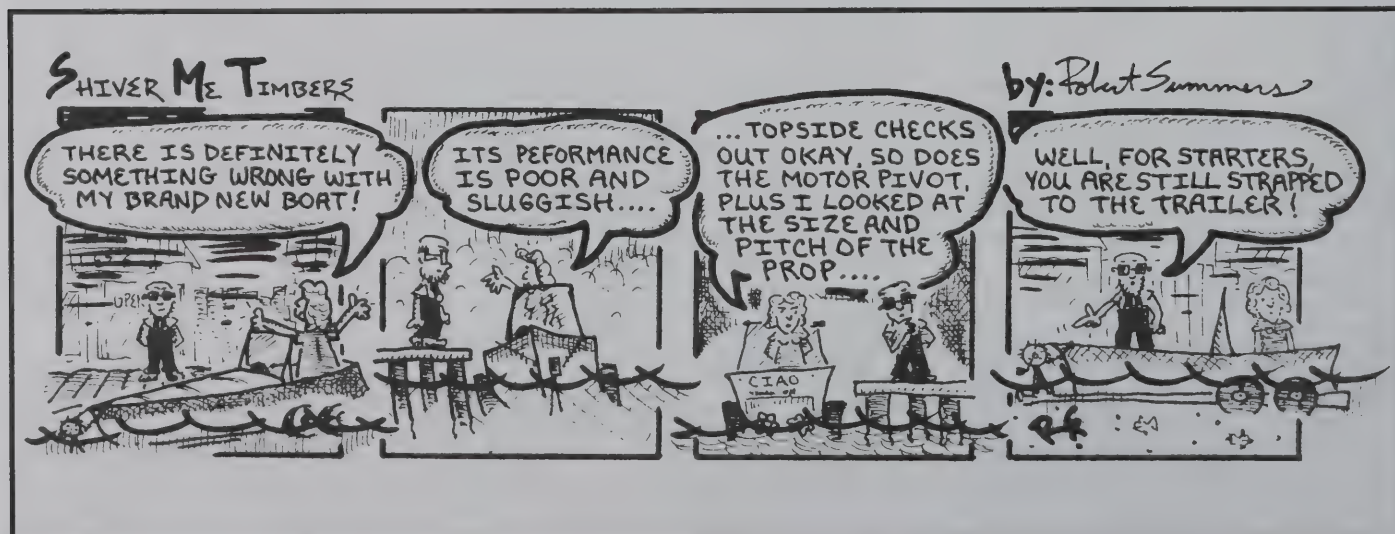
Our boats are the crux of nimble, reliable craft with considerable comfort. Imagine the pilot of *Oglebay* walking the bridge 68 feet from side to side, wondering about the wind, thinking how shallow the whole lake system had become. He had some comfort, too, but not our crux. To him we might've been swimming daddy long-legs spiders, with fat maritime liability lawyers on retainer. And I suppose he felt like a giant, nude hippo squeezing up a narrow, prickly, shallow rivulet. That's how I'd have felt, anyway.

As it happened, the man at the helm and in command that day was Bill Sarns. Meade had known Bill since he was a child, and he was more comfortable than I would've been. Bill's dad is also Bill Sarns, the machinist who has made DN hardware for 30 years, a tack fitting of which is used on Meade's rig.

Past *Earl W. Oglebay* Meade shook out his last reef. It stayed out, and the wind got questionable. Fortunately we were with the 1/4 to 3/4-knot current. We ran on and on, searching the wider river for ripples and a breeze. In the dark we passed the saloon at 6:00 at which we were to have had a beer at 5:00 with brother Joel Gougeon. Reflections slowed. It was getting cool, too. I paddled the last mile or so.

Back in the big shed we shook hands on a fine, fine fall and our four day trips on the Saginaw. We thanked each other for adding something to the other's life that fall, that year. "I know you'll treat her well in Cedar Key," he said, checking the lines lashing her and *Puffin* to the Dakota. He's a gentleman.

Driving back to Harrison Township, thinking about Cedar Key for Thanksgiving in 10 days and the chance to sail our boats...other than whacky sexual fantasy, contemplation gets no better.





## History

The history of sailing canoes is understood to have begun in the 1860s with the Scot, John MacGregor. He had at least seven canoes built to his specifications. Three led to his books about sailing and paddling on the rivers and canals of Europe, then the Baltic, and lastly, the Jordan River in the Middle East. MacGregor's boats and books inspired the founding of the British Royal Canoe Club in 1866 and the American Canoe Association in 1880.

In 1886 sail racing began to dominate to the detriment of paddling and versatility. *Puffin* and *Serendipity* are descendants of the pre-1886 boats. Like magic carpets, these boats were/are more than warp and weft, more than sailing and paddling.

Remarkable trips have been made: Dr. Neide and "Barnacle" Kendall from Lake George to Pensacola in 1883/4 (?); Fritz Fenger from Barbados to Saba in 1911; Hans Lindemann crossing the Atlantic in 1955; John Dowd from Venezuela to Florida 1977/8; Howard Rice solo Cape Horn in 1989. Note the last three are folding boats, Kleppers, used when flying with one's boat as baggage was an important part of the trips. I included them because they combine sailing and paddling, although they are folding versions.

## The Genre

We've been calling, these "50/50s" because they're about equally capable under sail or paddle, usually a double-bladed paddle. But our boats are better than half-good sailers or half-good paddlers. When paddling, they respond to double-blades or singles, bent shaft or straight. Low wetted surface is the key to paddling cruising speed, so length is moderate. By any cruising or day-tripping criteria, an experienced paddler could only say they paddle quickly and handle easily.

As for sailing, one would be unlikely, I suggest, to find any experienced sailor who, after sailing *Serendipity*, would say she sailed anything but, in whatever language, "very well."

## Cruising Sailing Canoes

"50/50s,  
Virtual magic carpets  
with sailing the warp, paddling the weft.

The notion that combining paddling and sailing in one boat makes her neither fish nor fowl, as is often said of motor sailers, doesn't have to be true. Design and details count. Can't one have a frisbee that's also a good, useful eating plate? Other discs that can't fly nor handily feed from are manhole covers and buttons. Design and details are everything.

Fifty/fifty cruising sailing canoes are versatile. Sail a couple acre puddle or paddle a marsh. Mackinac Island or open sea channels are within the boats' capabilities, but not necessarily every skipper's.

Remember, these little boats are inherently dangerous, one may drown on a lovely, sunny day. Seamanship is essential for safe use.

## Our Boats

*Serendipity* and *Puffin* are 15' long. Beam is 34". Decked hulls weigh 45 lbs. Rigged weight is under 75 lbs. including paddles, flotation bags, bailing gear, and seat.

*Serendipity's* and *Puffin's* hull design was drawn by Dave Yost (seven companies have produced 60 of his designs) and built by Bell Canoe of carbon and kevlar. Their "Starfire" hull is unique, drawn for freestyle tandem competition. But it has the dimensions, displacement, modest wetted surface, and sufficient rocker and flare we need. It is the best hull we could find, but a compromise, of course.

*Serendipity's* deck camber and volume are increased from *Puffin's*. They're built of Spanish cedar with S-glass on top and kevlar under. Coaming and rim are improved in form and function, although more costly of kevlar. The seat, leeboard bracket, and other bits and pieces are composites of wood, carbon and/or kevlar. Dual steering rods are sugar pine. Her gunter sail has 10% more area than *Puffin's* with somewhat improved reefing speed. Meade's innovative single full-length batten

rig, fourth prototype coming is 10% larger still, and reefs faster than any rig I know. The gunter's spars are hollow western red cedar reinforced with carbon fibers; Meade's mast is carbon fiber.

Because of a relatively beamy hull with a very light and clean, low aspect rig, and an adjustable and moveable seat in a wide cockpit, one can stay in the boat and still get sailing power to weather. One need not sit out. And the cockpit and seat, which borrow from auto and office chair seat design, are comfortable for sailing and/or paddling along

## Boatshop News

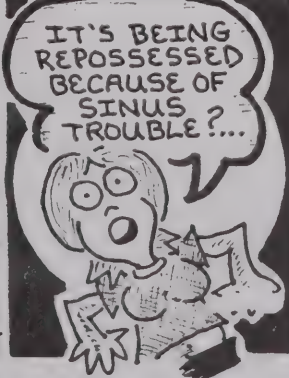
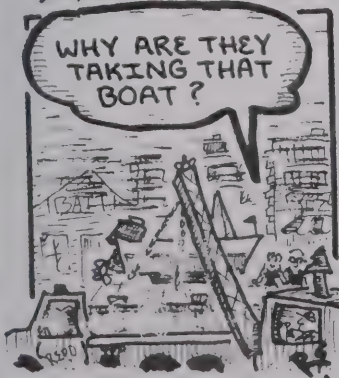
Boatshop News of November 1st, 1999, showed Meade Gougeon christening *Serendipity*. Six *Serendipity* sisters, "pre-production prototypes," will be built this year. These are for Jan Gougeon, Kay Harley (*Epoxy Works* editor), Rob Monroe (Gougeon CEO), Howard Rice (first around Cape Horn in a solo kayak, Klepper), another for Meade, and perhaps one for me.

Rather than build time consuming wood composite decks, the sisters will have molded, foam cored, vacuum-bagged. Skins, as of this writing, will be carbon fiber cloth on each side, the outside upper layer might be of light kevlar for abrasion toughness. The molded cockpit rim of kevlar braid will be secondarily bonded to the deck molding and itself will require another mold. I've finished the deck plug.

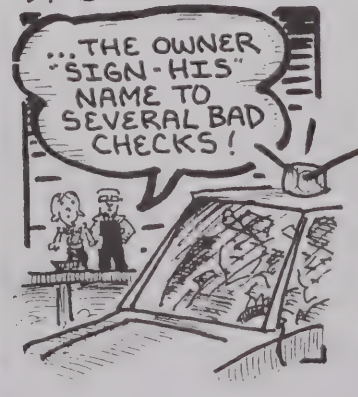
Four of the boats will have a fourth prototype rig of Meade's design. Mine may have a hybrid of Meade's and my style gunter, designed by Stu Hopkins of Dabber Sails and me. Howard will have one of his.

Since the article in *Sailing*, June 2000, *Puffin* and I have taken short trips to the Key West National Wildlife and Great White Heron National Wildlife Refuges accompanied by three Sea Pearls, the Straits of Mackinac with Howard Rice in his Mirror Dinghy, and Lake Huron's North Channel with Meade and *Serendipity*. I happily used the third version of Meade's prototype rig for all trips.

SHIVER ME TIMBERS



by: Brest Summers





I know of a 12' plywood jon-boat in Thibodaux, Louisiana called *Hey Joe*. This is flat-bottomed motor skiff that has been with the Roy family for at least twenty years (probably thirty). It has seen a lot of hard use, so much so that it well known along the bayou. Last I heard, the third generation of kids were growing up with *Hey Joe*.

I have good friend who got a hold of a semi-completed Glen-L ski-boat. He spent hundreds of hours glassing her inside and out and putting a beautiful Emron epoxy paint job on her. He used her hard for five or six seasons before the transom fell off. Rot had eaten

## Plywood Boats

By Frank San Miguel

away the plywood at the chine. He thinks the glass made things worse once the water moved in.

Both of these boats were kept in garages on dry land and both saw similar service and care. I am not sure that there is a lesson here, but I suspect that *Hey Joe* has lasted for so

long because it is a simpler boat, probably has cypress framing and is painted with plain-old house paint.

The 12' plywood pirogue that I got for a birthday present back in the early '70s is still around somewhere at my cousin's house in New Orleans. She was last used to paddle up and down Jefferson Street during the big flood a few years back.

I am a beginning boat builder. I know I could do a reasonably good job with most types of hull construction, but for now I'll build in plywood. For me, the beauty of a creation lies in three dimensions: The aesthetic form, the suitability to function and the economy of production. I recently built my 15' Michalak sharpie, *Cream Cheese*, and part of my pride in the accomplishment is that I was able to make her without a whole lot of effort. I spent 170 hours building her including painting, rigging and sewing the sail. She was the first boat that I built, so the second one will go faster.

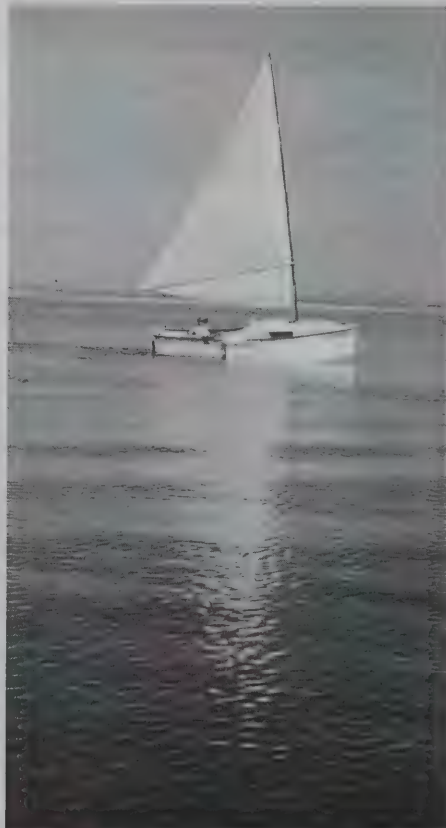
She is a good boat. My family and I have had her out with reefed sail in 25kt winds, loaded with supplies for a week's camping, on Nebraska's Lake McConaughy and we didn't even get splashed (we probably would have if we had any hard upwind work). I have her on a trailer under cover and think she can last a long time up here in the dry mountain air, but I don't think I'll keep her around for more than 5 or 10 years, especially since I'll be starting the next boat sometime soon. (The building log for *Cream Cheese* is at <http://www.geocities.com/sanmi/>)

Desert sailing on John Martin Reservoir in Colorado.



*Cream Cheese* on the beach at Lake McConaughy in Nebraska.

Beach camping at Lake McConaughy.





Despite the initial impression of casual observers, I am a very neat person...in my own way. I do not like nastiness, and I especially don't like to get epoxy on me or my tools or smeared all over my shop. But I believe that by using epoxy to glue good wood together and seal it, it is possible to build the best small boats ever in this world. You have to know what you are doing, though, or you are liable to wind up with such a mess that the cure is sort of like what the old farmer told me when I asked what was the best thing to do to get nut grass out of my garden. "Move," he said.

I am not about to accept any liability for any mess you may make when you strike out on your own after reading this. As soon as I get it in the mail, I am going to move...to Monrovia, Liberia, or Colon, Panama, just like an oil company so I will be beyond the reach of the law. Like I said, you have to know what you are doing to get this to work right. But if you do, it is possible to put a whole boat together, completely coat and even sheathe it with fiberglass and epoxy without ever putting on a rubber glove and without a single drip of epoxy on the floor or a smear on your clothes or tools.

Here is how it works. You use the natural ability of the wood to attract epoxy by molecular attraction...you put the epoxy on the outside of the joinery and let it soak in. First you put the boat together dry with some kind of other fastening. I use all sorts of steel square-drive mobile home screws, cyanoacrylate glue, clamps, tape, string, wire, staples...anything. It is sort of fun building a boat like that.

The only tricky part is that all the parts must fit close enough that all the cracks are tight enough to act as a capillary so that the natural physical attraction between the molecules of the epoxy and those of the wood is stronger than the force exerted by gravity on the mass of the epoxy. What that means is that the seams have to be little enough so the damned stuff won't run out. That's a good thing...things just have to fit...ain't nothing wrong with that.

Here is what I did to decide to do it this way a long time ago, and I suggest that you do these same experiments using your wood and epoxy in your shop so you can see what you can get away with. I made up a bunch of test joints...things like joints with end grain to face grain, end-to-end, face-to-face, multiple laminations, joints with a fiberglass screed between the two wood surfaces, joints where both surfaces were planed or sanded or where one surface was planed and the other sanded.

I did it under different conditions of temperature and humidity and even falling and rising barometric pressure. I did it when the wood was hot or cold or the epoxy hot or cold and every which-a-way between those. I like to do that kind of thing. I would heap rather do that than watch the TV.

What I found out is (and I am going to condense this...ain't no point trying to lead somebody by the hand into such risky business) that hot, cooling wood with freshly sanded 40 grit surfaces is most attractive to epoxy molecules. I found that under my circumstances, I can count on 5/8" penetration into a capillary sized joint from one side and 1-1/8" if I can apply the epoxy to both sides. That means that I can do something like laminate up a stem using a few drops of cyanoacrylate to hold the plies together, and just heat

## How To Keep Epoxy From Getting All Over You and Everything Else

By Robb White)

the assembly and paint the edges and continue to paint the edges while the hot wood cools and the contraction of the gasses in the cracks (and indeed within the interstices of the wood) draws that epoxy in. The wood has to be hot all the way through and wood is an excellent insulator so it takes a long time with the heat lamp to do such a thing.

I'll leave the ingenuity up to you, but the way I do it is to heat my tiny shop with the old wood heater that came out of the railroad station in town back when there was such a thing. It don't take long before the spiders are all out hunting them a new home. I keep it hot like that (130°F works for me) for several hours and then cool the air in there with a big AC and then put the first coat (takes three for me) on the whole boat at one time. Then I stand around and watch all the cracks to make sure I keep them fed as the cooling draws in the epoxy.

You have to really pay attention to any joint involving end-grain. I use a heat gun to thin the epoxy and expedite the soaking. The heat thinned epoxy acts almost like it has an evaporating solvent in it and doesn't want to run quite as bad initially and hardens up pretty quick too. It works well. I never apply epoxy to anything that I haven't heated, and I never fail to sweep it with the heat gun after it is on there either. Sheathing hot wood with fiberglass and a heat gun is a revelation.

The best thing to spread epoxy on large, smooth surfaces is a plastic squeegee. If the surface is not suitable for that, then the next best thing is a special epoxy roller. Tipping behind the roller with a brush will help smooth the job and tipping behind the roller with a brush and heat gun will do even better. That squeegee and roller will do it the easiest but I don't have many places on my boats, particularly inside, where I can do it that easy way. I have to use a little brush and, boy, until I learned how, that was an infuriating business.

First, I like a 1-1/2" brush. I used to think that the best thing to do was just to splurge and go ahead and use a pretty good brush, but I found that a pretty good brush holds too much epoxy and not only results in a runny job but gets hot up by the shank sooner. A regular "chip" brush is best but they'll shed bristles and are too limp to spread out epoxy in a thin enough coat, even with the reduced viscosity induced by the heat gun, overcome the molecular attraction. Here is how to fix a chip brush so that gravity can't to keep it from running.

First, cut the bristles off about halfway up with the shaving sharp knife from right out of your pocket. I like to cut from both sides so I wind up with a blunt taper to the ends. When you get it trimmed to suit you, trim five or six more. Half-cured epoxy in a brush makes a messy mess. Then sand the bristles on a high-speed sander. I used to use a disc sander with 40 grit paper, but now I have a big, stationary edge-sander standing by...also with 40 grit so

I use it. Sand the ends of the bristles from all directions, even backwards like you ain't supposed to rub a cat. You'll see the loose ones flying the whole time and the ones that stay with you will get fuzzy and uniformly shaped by the sanding.

After you no longer notice any loose bristles being removed (some chip brushes never stop until all you have is the handle and the ferrule), proceed to the next step, which is to wire brush the bristles with a bench grinder. That'll separate the wheat from the chaff and the men from the boys and...dirty the brush if the wire brush was rusty or contaminated in some other way. A brush that makes it through that treatment will (which reminds me of a friend who checked out used cars by driving them from Moultrie to Funston, 20 miles, wide open...in first gear) when accompanied by a heat gun, do a good job of applying epoxy.

Most of my boats are built lapstrake with the planks already warped to fit and pre-sheathed with epoxy and fiberglass on the bench under heat lamps before being screwed to the boat. I have to put one more coat of epoxy on the sheathing to fill the weave of the cloth, but I like to do it very carefully so as not to have to scrape off any runs. If I have to feed the capillary-sized laps at the same time that I apply the final coat, the result is not as neat as if I first feed the laps with a plastic syringe. It is sort of like welding. I just walk along the heated boat and apply a little bead of naked epoxy to the inside corner of each lap and sweep it with the heat gun. It is easy to see a tiny emiscus of epoxy appear on the other side almost immediately as I walk along.

The two fiberglassed surfaces within the lap are very attractive to the new epoxy, and the epoxified and sheathed wood does not soak epoxy out of the joint so it is a one-pass business...most satisfying when I remember the bitch of a time I used to have building a glued-lap boat back in the old days when I had to put the glue on the laps and then fight the board into place...with my rubber gloves trying to stick to the drill. To hell with that kind of thing.

I'll repeat the caveats:

1. To glue up a boat after it is all put together, the cracks must all be capillary-sized and narrow enough so that your epoxy will penetrate all the way through under the conditions in your shop.

2. The wood has to be warmer than the air in the shop...through and through. If you see a bubble form, you know the gasses within the wood are still expanding and that won't do. One time I had a boat all hot to trot and when I swiped on the first stroke I, an old hand at this, was shocked to see bubbles coming out of the crack I was looking. I knew that the heat situation was just right and couldn't figure out what the hell was going wrong until I heard a strong yowling sound outside. A tornado passed within a hundred yards of the shop throwing huge trees all over the place. I was too stupefied to think to look at the old-time mercury barometer I have hanging in the corner, but I bet the atmospheric pressure had to be mighty low to overcome the contraction of the gasses in that wood. After the tornado passed, the wood sucked those bubbles right back down.

3. The last and most important thing...if you mess up, remember the old Jimmy Buffet song and sing, "but I know...it's my own damn fault."



Thus the overall length (LOA) should be reckoned in multiples of 8'0" (2440mm) if undue waste is to be avoided; obviously half sheets can be utilized since two halves will be required. Two sheets, placed end to end, will give a boat length of something over 15'0" (4570mm) depending upon the beam and shape. Now you will see why there are so many plywood boats with lengths of about 11'0" (3350mm) being one-and-a-half sheets of ply; 15'0" (4570mm), two sheets; and 19'0" (5790mm), two-and-a-half sheets.

To illustrate the lines that define the shape of a boat, let us consider the design of a hard chine sailing dinghy with its LOA determined by two sheets of plywood. Since we do not know the exact dimensions at this stage, we shall choose a likely figure for the waterline length (LWL), say 15'0" (4570mm). I suggest you follow the design process with freehand

## By Dennis Davis

Reprinted from *Afloat!*

sketches, or at least the minimum of equipment at this stage unless, of course, you already have a drawing board and all that goes with it.

So begin with a sheet of paper about A4 size or larger, draw a horizontal line across it about one-third of the way from the top, and of a length which will allow the LWL to be scaled off along it. For simplicity I shall stay with Imperial measurements (feet and inches) so a rule with eighths or twelfths will be suitable for your scale. A pencil compass will be useful for producing lines at right angles to other lines but curves can be freehand. It is convenient, but not essential, if you can leave sufficient space at the right-hand side of the paper for the body plan to be drawn on the same waterline as the side elevation or profile.

The body plan is the end view of the hull showing, by convention, the bow to maximum beam on the right of the centre line and the maximum beam to the transom on the left. Designers often have the body plan coincident with the midsection of the profile, but this is

apt to be confusing. About another third down your paper draw a second horizontal line parallel to the first, this will represent the centre line of the plan view; i.e., looking down on the hull, and should have enough space above it to accommodate half the beam of the boat. It is necessary to draw only one half since both sides are normally the same shape.

Conventionally boats are drawn with their bows facing to the right. Draw in a vertical line at the left hand end of the LWL and centre line and scale from this 15'0"; i.e., 15" at 1" = 1'; draw another vertical line at this point. Use compasses to obtain the vertical lines. From the points of intersection, scribe an arc across the horizontal line each side of the point; open the compasses a little more and scribe arcs above and below the horizontal line from each of the points marked by the arcs on the horizontal line. Joining these intersections will give lines at right angles to the horizontal lines. See drawing.

Repeat for the bow at the right hand end. The LWL and centre line now have to be divided into equal intervals to give the stations. Any convenient number may be chosen and, in our case, ten gives a nice round 1.5' for each interval. Divide the LWL and centre lines between the two end verticals into ten equal intervals and construct vertical lines through these points. Number these vertical station lines from 0 at the bow (RH) to 10 at the transom (LH). If you have space, construct another vertical line on an extension of the LWL.





leaving sufficient space for the beam of the boat to fit between station 0 and the edge of the paper. This framework is the basis for all future design work so would properly be constructed with extreme accuracy.

What follows involves not only the mechanics of the design process but the creative, too, which will draw upon your experience, what you have gleaned from seeing other craft, photographs, drawings, etc. Decisions have to be made about a variety of design details, indeed it is likely that many of these will already have been decided at a rough sketch stage when the original design would have been conceived. I tend to collect odd scraps of paper, backs of envelopes, etc. on which are notes or very rough sketches of the craft being considered. The only fixed points we have so far are a LWL of 15'0" and a LOA determined by the use of two 8'0" lengths of plywood; we next need to know what the centre section is to be. This is most important since it will determine a number of factors such as overall beam, waterline beam (BWL), depth of hull, draft, and, if not already decided, the hull form.

Obviously some of these factors cannot be determined just by drawing lines on a sheet of paper; for example, both the BWL and the draft will depend upon the displacement of the craft which, in turn, will depend upon the type of construction and the materials used. In fact, it is necessary to estimate the weight of the completed craft plus its gear and crew fairly early in the design process. Let us for the moment decide on those aspects which can be drawn, overall beam can be set at 5'0" and, if midpoint flare of 3" is accepted, we have a chine beam of 4'6" and, if sufficient deadrise is given, this could also be the BWL.

Set out half the maximum beam on your paper above the centre line (lower horizontal line). Where along the line to place it; i.e., on which station line, is a decision for the designer, let us say station 5, the centre section. Now to the body plan, consisting at present of just a vertical centre line set up on the LWL. Mark off half the 5'0" beam each side of the centre line and construct a pair of vertical lines from these points. Somewhere along these vertical lines will be placed the marks which will define the gunwale or sheer at station 5, the point of maximum beam.

How high should the sheer be at this mid point? This is where you draw upon your experience, if the boat is to be a sit-in cruising type dinghy, the sides will require to be higher than for a racing dinghy where windage must be reduced to a minimum and the crew must be prepared to get wet. Let us choose 15" for the moment, it can be easily changed later should it prove unsuitable. Mark the points on the vertical lines at 15" above the waterline and join them parallel to the waterline to give the maximum beam of the dinghy. Keep these pencil lines as light as possible at this stage so they can be altered easily. On the waterline, mark off half the chine beam of 46" each side of the centre line and join these points to the sheer line at the maximum beam. We now have a mid-section of the dinghy above the waterline.

To determine the shape below the waterline involves knowing the displacement of the dinghy; i.e., its total weight with gear and crew aboard. For present purposes let us assume this is 700 lbs. It is now possible to work out the draft for our hull using a formula which involves a ratio called the block coefficient, which is simply the actual underwater volume divided by the volume of a rectangular box of the same overall dimensions. Assume for the present that the block coefficient for hard chine dinghies is likely to be about 0.35, and the formula is  $D$  (draft) = weight of the hull in pounds (including crew and fittings) divided by  $(LWL \times BWL \times \text{block coefficient} \times 64)$  which in our case comes out as  $D = 700 / (15 \times 4.5 \times 0.35 \times 64) = 700 / 1512 = 0.46'$ . For convenience of drawing we can call this 6".

On the centre line of the body plan mark the point 6" below the waterline, then join this point to the points marking the chine beam on the waterline and this will complete the midsection shape. Note that this now gives a hull depth of 21" (15" + 6") at station 5. These dimensions can now be added to both the profile and plan views and consideration given to the plan shape and both sheer and keel lines. Have a think about them until next time.

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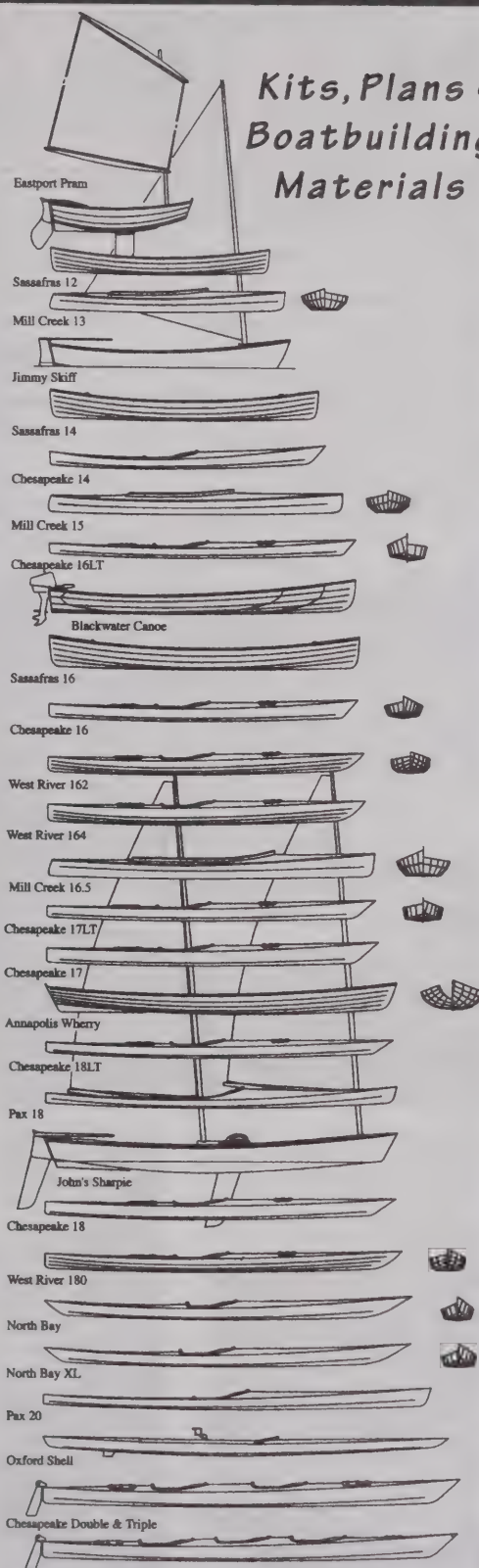
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This boat is the most recently built of a long line of designs developing the general idea. It goes back forty odd years when I saw the first Hunt deep-vee test boat and saw that the basic principle of the deep vee, which is to put a lot of reserve buoyancy close above the waterline, could be developed in a different way from the Hunt boats, and be as good as they are at high speed and drier and more easily driven when they were running slowly.

It took me a long time to get it right, the early designs had bell-section bottoms that made them hard to build, and for a long time I rejected the "monohedron" stem with constant

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deadrise on the grounds that it tended to make a quick-rolling boat. I did a string of boats that were indeed unusually steady, but gave away much too much speed with any given power. I finally got it right, and this design, though it was made (but not built) about 15 years ago, is exactly as we would do it now.

The design was commissioned by an Alameda, California, boatyard for semi-custom building for the San Francisco Bay market; that is, they wanted something better in rough water than most stock powerboats. They never got around to building one, but the design was picked up by Peter St. John for use in the Bay and to fish outside as far as the Farralones. He contracted with Carl Brownstein's Rights O'Man Boat Shop in Shelton, Washington, to build the hull, deck, and deckhouses. He finished her inside and installed the engine and other equipment himself, doing a thoroughly professional job on her.

Brownstein, who had built to our plans before, liked her very much and commented that she was the fairest hull he had ever planked (fair meaning smoothly curved). With our agreement they increased the length of the cockpit at the expense of the cabin, which became a minimal cuddy. Brownstein cleaned up the very plain trunk and house with some nicely-worked moldings and rails. Nothing was done that did not look good to us.

The twin outboard motors shown on the plans were replaced, in consultation with us, with a 200hp Volvo diesel I.O. drive, perceived by St. John as more appropriate than the outboards for her offshore mission. This increased

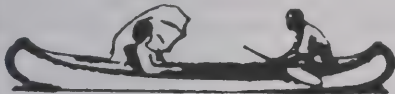
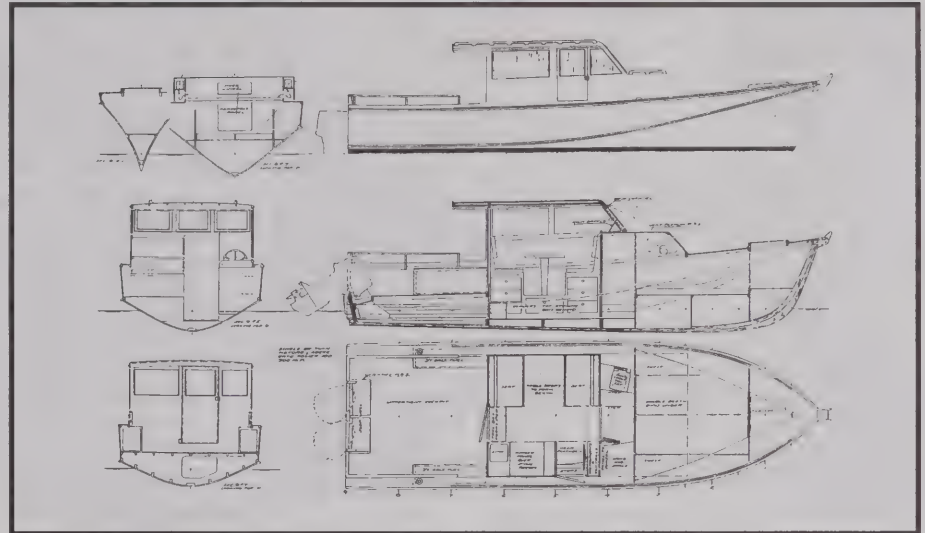




her weight to 6100 pounds and trimmed her slightly down by the stem, but she had enough buoyancy to take no harm. The owner commented that he was surprised to find that she went from displacement speed into planing mode without dragging her stem, a gratifying phenomenon confirmed in video footage. He had expected that he wouldn't be able to see over the bow at the intermediate speeds.

The photo of her running shows the bow as high as it ever goes in smooth water. He reports her general behavior extremely good, with special emphasis on her ability to maintain her speed in rough water. She makes 27 knots with the Volvo wide open. Her range of efficient speeds is wide, down to 15 knots or less, so she can generally suit her speed to the length and shape of the waves for least discomfort and best fuel efficiency.

We think of these hulls as being raised-deck, with high bows and low freeboard aft at the main sheer, rather than as hard-chine types. All the hydrodynamic action takes place below the main sheer. The effect is that the stem can bury almost to the deck without putting anything blunt in the water (as the head-on photo shows) but the buoyancy increases so quickly as the sea goes aft that the boat lifts immediately. The "fair" bottom keeps her from being stopped. It's possible to get practically the same effect in a round-bilge hull, like many others we've done, by juggling the proportions. We have no strong preference between the two types. The trick in either case is to get the lines of flow properly faired from the bow aft.



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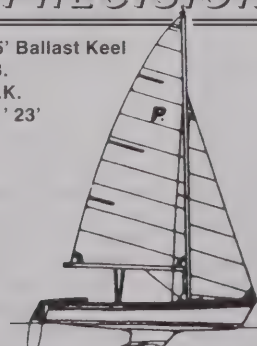
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## The Creation of *Squeak*

Stephen Ladd had a vision of an adventure. He planned to travel down the rivers of the United States until he reached the Gulf of Mexico, from there he would continue his trip to South America, the rest of the trip was left unplanned.

He needed a boat that could make that trip, he needed the right boat. Stephen studied the demands that would be placed on the boat, based on those demands he designed and built *Squeak*. *Squeak* is 12' long (3.6m) with a 4' beam (1.2m), weighs 250lbs. (113kg), carries 68 sf (6.3m<sup>2</sup>) of sail, and is a cat-yawl. It uses leeboards for lateral resistance and fully loaded weighs 550lbs. (249kg).



A boat designer (Technical Yacht Design by Andrew G. Hammit) once listed the basic requirements of a boat. He listed two types of characteristics that any boat must meet. They are classified as static and dynamic (water flowing around the hull).

The static characteristics are as follows: 1) it must hold and support the cargo and the accommodations as needed, and 2) it must be stable under all conditions that it may be subjected to.

The dynamic characteristics are as follows: 1) what ever form of propulsion is used, it must reach the desired speed, and 2) the hull's reaction to waves must be acceptable.

What the above means is the boat must carry what you need, not be prone to instability, and move like you want it to with the power you have. It also means that in waves it acts with good manners by not getting you soaked from spray or being unduly bounced around. It should be capable of negotiating waves without excessive shock. These are the general requirements for any boat.

For a journey such as Stephen's, the requirements for *Squeak* go beyond the basics. Most boats aren't going to be hauled up onto a beach. Few go down narrow shallow rivers. And very, very few go on cruises the distance *Squeak* did. Taking these necessities into account, how big should *Squeak* be for it's intended use?

If you were planning a similar trip would you want a bigger boat, say, with a little more room or would you go to the other extreme and use something even smaller than *Squeak*?

The next section will cover more details on the design features of *Squeak* and answer the questions presented here.

Questions: What is a good weight for a beach cruiser? Which is better for that cruiser, leeboards, centerboard, or dagger board? What makes the choice of carrying oars aboard such a boat an important idea? Structurally what area of the boat is the most important?

## Capsize, a Study of an Adventure

By Don Elliott

### Introduction

This is Part 10 of a series of articles which began in the March 1 issue which will be an interactive study of a small boat adventure, an analysis of events described in Chapter 12 of Stephen Ladd's book *Three Years in a 12' Boat*. Each article will include a question or questions for interested readers to consider answers. Suggested answers will be included in the following articles.

The purpose of this series is to look at the problems facing people who go off adventuring in small boats. Stephen's boat was self-designed and self-built. Was it designed correctly for the conditions it might face? That question is the focus of this study, to look at not only Stephen's boat but also design aspects of all boats used for such adventures.

Safety of the boat and its crew must be the very first thing any small boat designer must consider when he designs a boat.

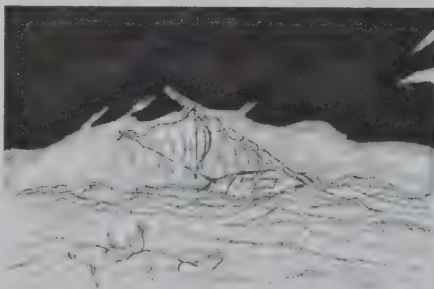
### Static Requirement No. 2

Obviously *Squeak* was not designed for Cape Horn or the southern ocean. Stephen Ladd designed and built *Squeak* based on the conditions he believed *Squeak* would face. He did not have a crystal ball to tell him the all the conditions *Squeak* might be subjected to and, like all of us, he made a stab in the dark as to what he believed would work.

In our last section we were shown the basic requirements that all boats must meet. As some of you noticed, it appears as if *Squeak* failed Requirement No. 2:

The Requirement for Static No. 2 was: "it must be stable under all conditions that it may be subjected to."

*Squeak* failed that requirement by capsizing in the Pacific Ocean off the coast of Columbia.



*Squeak*, however, did not fail at all. *Squeak* had been exposed to conditions beyond its capabilities. The fault was not the design of the boat, but the condition to which *Squeak* had been placed. The answer to the requirements to No. 2 of course is not to put your boat in a condition that it can't deal with.

Let's look at how a boat the size of *Squeak* should be used. *Squeak* must not be exposed to conditions that will overwhelm it. How can we do this on a trip such as Stephen made?

This can be accomplished by placing two restrictions upon *Squeak*. They must be placed on a boat of this size and with its capabilities if *Squeak* is to meet Requirement No. 2.

The two restrictions are: 1) it must never be more than 200 to 300 yards off the shoreline, and 2) it must be prepared for any condition that would capsize it.

Restriction No. 1 is not my idea, it was given by two people who have spent almost their entire lives beach cruising. Ida Little and Michael Walsh in their excellent book, *Beach Cruising and Coastal Camping*, make the following statement, "larger boats can risk finding those certain winds that blow one or two miles off shore. On little boats, we're apprehensive of being blown away. It's happened to others." They cruise close to shore, from that position they can quickly get their boat hauled out to safety or tuck into a protected bay if the threatening conditions arrive. They recommend the distance from shore that is given above.

Restriction No. 2 is harder to control, as it requires preparation and keeping an eye on developing conditions. If the boat looks as if it is going to be overwhelmed, then you had better prepare for surviving those conditions. Any boat that does not have the capability of self-righting (a ballast keel boat) has to be able to be righted by its crew. This righting must be easy and quick. The past sections have covered that in detail.

Before I close here, I find fault with the way Restriction No. 2 is written. I was in the Merchant Marines on the Great Lakes. I was a crew member on a freighter that was over 1000' long. We encountered a severe storm on Lake Superior, the ship was rolling through 45° rolls. The wind was so strong that I could barely push the cabin door open, when I got outside I looked forward (downhill) to watch the bow almost completely disappear under the water. No small boat would have survived such conditions. The truth is, given the right condition any boat will capsize.

These questions have been repeated. What is a good weight for a beach cruiser? Which is better for that cruiser, leeboards, centerboard, or dagger board? What makes the choice of carrying oars aboard such a boat a good idea? Structurally what area of the boat is the most important?

### The Making of a Small Cruiser

Stephen Ladd decided to design his own boat. Other people who have planned adventures of this type have also designed their own boats, as a matter of fact, a great number of them. The common link is they all intended to travel long distances along rivers and coasts or some even to cross oceans.

In this section we'll look at some designs meant for cruising. Some are self-designed and some were designed by professional designers. Keelboats won't be included in this study because they cannot negotiate shallow waters and they can't be beached.

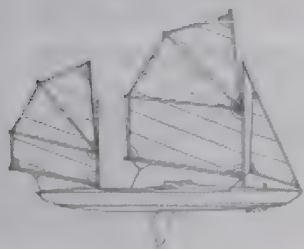
First we'll look at a few of the historical small boats that have made notable cruises. Rob Roy was one, Yakaboo another. Even a sneak boat was used for a long distance cruise. These are just a few that have successfully made long journeys along rivers and coastlines. What do they have in common with each other and with *Squeak*?



Rob Roy was a canoe, or some might say a kayak, Yakaboo was a rudderless sailing canoe, and the sneak boat was what is referred to as a gun boat or hunting boat. All of these boats could be both rowed and sailed. All made long journeys, none as long as Stephen's three-year trip, however. It should be noted that there have been many long passages made by canoes and kayaks, some have made long ocean crossings, however, here we are looking at beach cruisers.

What they have in common is they all are light enough to be hauled ashore if need be. All can be powered by either oar or paddle. I believe all could sail well with the exception of the Rob Roy. All could be slept on, *Squeak* was definitely better in this area. All were close in size, that is, 12' to 13', with the exception of Yakaboo which was 17' long. Where they differ greatly is their displacement and ability to carry gear. *Squeak* is the only one to have an enclosed cabin which could be slept in. All were very light, *Squeak* being the heaviest at 250 lbs. All were intended to carry only one person.

Yakaboo, sailed by Frederic Fenger, made the longest open water ocean crossing. He covered a distance of 30 miles on his trip in the West Indies, a very skilled sailor indeed. His boat was easily carried ashore. It's of interest that Yakaboo had a 6' cockpit that could be slept in and, in addition to that, it was self-bailing. This boat was without a doubt the fastest sailing boat of the four.

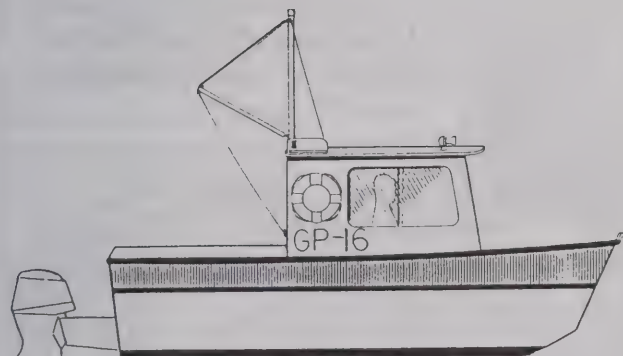


A boat for one person can be quite small for trips of great length. Out of necessity they must be light and they must have the ability to be both sailed and rowed or paddled. A single person alone can right any of these designs if capsized.

The boats are very different in design, however, they have a similar objective in mind; that is,

to succeed in long distance touring along rivers and coasts. The next section will study in detail the features of these small cruisers.

(To Be Continued)



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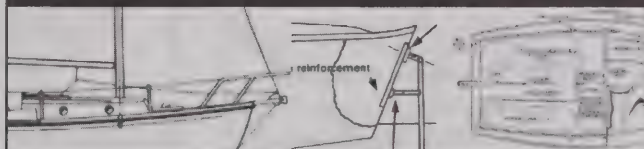
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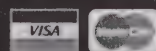
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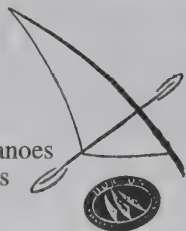
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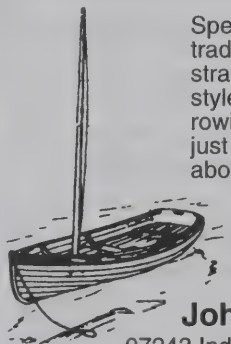
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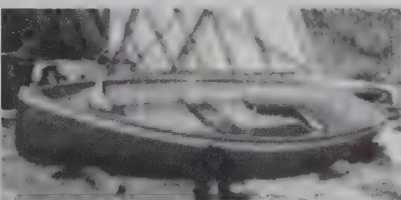
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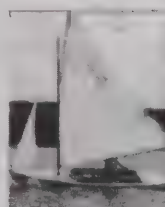
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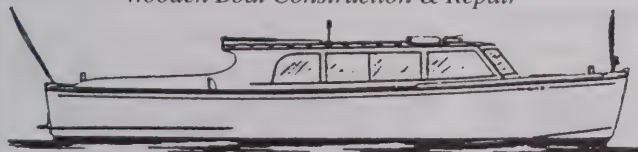
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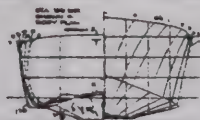
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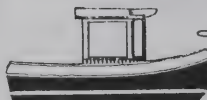
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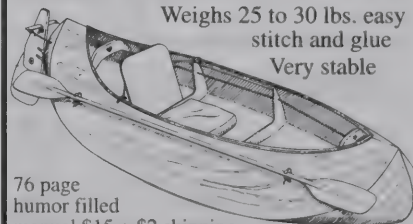
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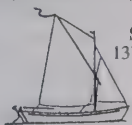
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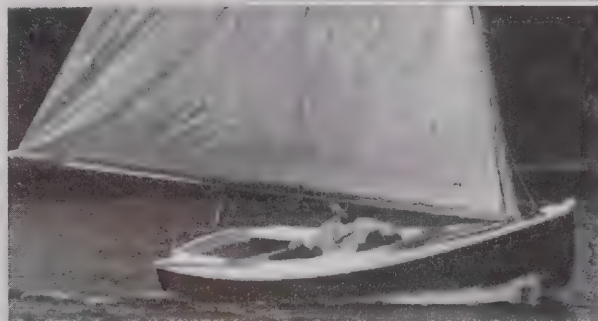
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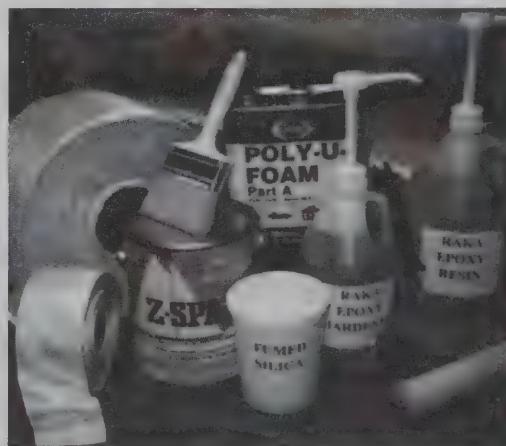
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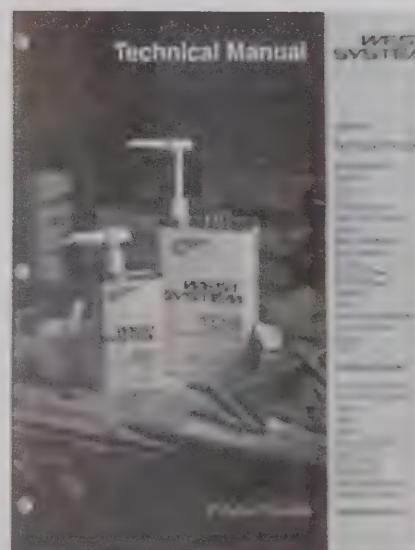
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**22' MacGregor Sloop**, '77 w/pop top dodger w/ windows & screens, 4.5 Mercury w/6 gal tank, nav lts, int lts, porta potty, new cushions ('97) interior redone, rewired, dinette table, compass, depth finder, Danforth anchor w/150' rode. 4 sails; main, wking jib, 150 genoa/drifter/reacher, halyards lead to cockpit, mainsail cover, winch covers, tiller cover. Total grounding protection, '77 trailer w/spare. Has not been sailed in 4 yrs (health problems). \$1,800 OBO. LEWIS BIRKHEAD, Mt. Vernon (Evansville area), IN, (812) 838-2097, <imbirk2801@aol.com> (07)



**C-Dory**, 16' cruiser model, blt '97 purchased new '98, 50 HP Honda 4 stroke, twin V berths, dinette table, porta potty, both covers, fully equipped, Caulkin trlr. Boat & motor like new w/vy few hrs. \$14,900. **Solo Canoes**: Thomas F. Hill blt Charlotte, 11'6" lapstrake constr, 25lbs., Shaw & Tenney ash double paddle, sail rig. Heart shaped backrest, in pristine cond. \$1,300. **Bart Hawthaway Solo Canoes (2)**: #1 10'6", 21lbs, w/dbl paddles, backrest. \$650. #2 11'6", 30lbs., dbl paddle, backrest, sail rig. \$650. Located in central FL. TONY FIORE, Palm coast, FL, (386) 446-5519, <tfiore@peoplepc.com> (07)

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION:

Classified ads are **FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS** for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

A one-time charge of \$8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad to cover the cost to us of the necessary halftone. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

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**'48 Hinckley SW Jr. 30' Sloop**, compl restored, new bright maghogany cabin, hatches, coamings, toerails & rubrails. New fastenings, floors, keelbolts & many frames. Opening bronze ports, dodger, bimini, autohelm, depth sounder. Bright spar, lg sail inventory. Universal 16hp diesel. Cruise ready. Beautiful. BRUCE VIZINO, Shandaken, NY, (845) 688-7393. (07)

**Galilee 15 Sailboat**, '85. Roomy & comfortable FG daysailer. 15' LOA, 13' LWL, 6'8" Beam, 525lbs, 120lbs ballast, 7" draft w/board up, 3'7" w/board down. Bridge clearance 21' 10". Storage compartment under deck, internal flotation, lg self bailing cockpit, inbd rudder, reverse transom w/mount for up to 2hp OB (not included) & dacron mainsail & jib (jib has small patched area). Easily single handed, fast stable & responsive. SS rigging & hrdwre. Incl galv Ez Loader trlr w/spare wheel & new rires. All in gd cond. Located in Warrenton, VA. \$1,500. BRUCE KINGSBURY, Warrenton, VA, (540) 349-8212, <bkingsbu@eriols.com> (07)

**Grumman Sportcanoe**, loa 15'3", beam 43", wt 110lbs. v.g.c. w/compl gunter 65sf dacron sail rig. Exc cond. Both \$750. Sail rig only \$400. H.H. WHITE, 2252 St. Rte. 48, Fulton, NY 13069, (315) 593-8331. (07)

**San Francisco Pelican**, #2158 (pictured in 12/1/89 issue pg 13) by Smith Boat Shop, '72. Vy nic eboat, w/galv trlr. \$1,750. EARLE CADWELL, Roswell, GA, (770) 640-6553, <Thomasedward5@mindspring.com> (07)

**16' Town Class Sloop**, rare model w/teak transom & coaming. Nds compl restoration. No mast or rigging. On heavy home made trlr (usable). I don't have time to restore it. \$200. PETER HUNT, Norton, MA, (508) 285-4984 (07)



**16' Greenough Built Skiff**, w/'99 EZ Loader trlr & '99 15hp Mercury OB, plus anchor & ground tackle. \$2,500 package. FRANK MINUTILLO, Manchester, CT, (860) 643-7054, <frank@minutillo.com> (07)



**17' O'Day Daysailer**, #10531, all racing gear, 2 jibs, spinnaker, trlr. Clean A-1 cond. \$1,800. HOWARD SCHAFER, Stuart, FL, (561) 287-4793. (07)



**Blueberry**, 20'3" Wood/epoxy 1988 gaff headed sloop by Phil Bolger. Draft 2'10", displ 3,400 lbs, strk keel. Recently replaced main & staysail. 10.3hp 2 cylinder Vetus (Dutch) diesel IB. 2 comfy bunks & mini settee, Sea Swing stove, VHS, ground tackle, potti & other cruising gear. This boat is fully described in Bolger's *Boats With an Open Mind*. David Hume's book *Blueberry* gives a full account of design & constr. Age of skipper suggests it is time to sell. \$6,900. In water in Hamburg Cove, Lyme CT, season's dockage paid. DAVID D.HUME, 340 Darling Rd, Salem CT 06420, (860) 859-1058, <clhume@worldnet.att.net> (07)





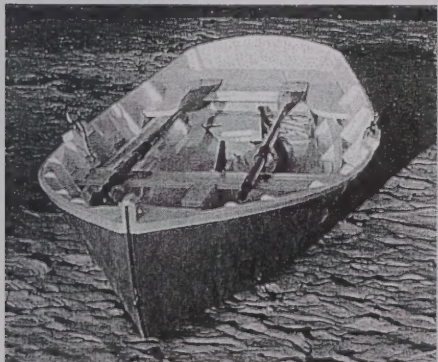
**14' Glen L Sloop**, '90 daysailer w/trlr. FG covered marine plywood hull, dacron sails. \$3,900. WILLIAM E.S. BIRD, 47 Sterling Rd., Princeton, MA 01541, (978) 464-5564. (06)

**16' Swampscott Dory**, row, sail, power. Hand bld of FG & teak '98 by master boat builder (Melonseed Skiff) Roger Crawford of Humarock, MA. Ivory hull w/burgundy cove stripe. Tanbark spritsail, 2 rowing stations, 2 pr Shaw & Tenney oars. New 2hp Honda 4-cycle OB in well. Mooring cover, trlr. Practical, efficient, unique, beautiful, an instant heirloom. Mint cond. \$7,500. LEN THUNBERG, Alexandria, VA, (703) 836-6178. (07)

**16' Old Town Canoe**, '44 model. Nds new canvas. \$300. **8' FG Sailing Dinghy**, \$350. GEORGE MARCUS, Noank, CT, (860) 572-9188. (06)

**Windrider 16**, w/trlr. Hvy weather cockpit w/windshield, many other extras. \$4,500 value, asking \$2,200. JOE LA GRASSO, Fenton, MI, (810) 750-9188. (TF)

**Sea Pearl 21**, cat ketch. '85, leeboards, tanbark sails, custom duckboards, sail covers, hard & soft hatch covers, most options & upgrades, incl trlr. Everything pristine. \$5,800 ONO. DAVID WATTS, P.O. Box 649, Fayetteville, NY 13066, (315) 637-9778 aft 7/15, <wattsie@mail.aznet.com> or wattsie@mail.infochan.com> anytime. (06P)



**Rowing & Sailing Skiff**, 13'6" Good Little Skiff designed by Pete Culler. Oak frames, mahogany transom, laminated fir stem, bottom & strakes, marine mahogany plywood, copper rivets, silicon bronze screws & bolts, Sikaflex bedding caulk, West System epoxy. Sprit rigged w/spars, sail, CB, rudder & tiller, oars & oarlocks. Bldt at Pingree School boat bldng program. \$4,500. STEVE KENT, Gloucester, MA, (978) 283-5262. (06)



**25' Bayfield Sloop**, compl solo 459 mile circumnavigation of Delmarva Peninsula in May, owner now retiring from sailing. Canadian-made FG classic full keel design. Many recent upgrades incl bimini/dodger, solar panel, autotiller, Portabote folding dinghy, fathometer. Fully equipped. Slps 4. 8hp Yanmar diesel w/low hrs. Roller furling genoa, main & working jib, all in gd cond. New bottom paint. Log kept from beginning. Grt shape, in turnkey sailaway cond Located Severn River nr Annapolis, MD on Chesapeake Bay. \$11,500. JOHN POTTS, Crownsville, MD, (410) 923-2904, <sjpotts@erols.com> (06)



**12' Bank Dories**, white pine on white oak, bronze & copper fastened. DAVID BARBER, Groton, CT, (860) 536-6313 aft 6pm. (06)

**Boreal Design & Wilderness Systems Kayaks**, we are now new regional dealer. Still dealer for Old Town canoes & kayaks going back over 50 years! Hundreds are on display at our store. FERNALD'S MARINE, Rt. 1A (at Parker River), Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312 (TFP)

**19' West Wight Potter**, '95, 5hp Tohatsu (Nissan) long shaft on transom bracket. Galv trlr, furling jib, bow pulpit, cockpit rails, ladder, stove, sink, port-potti, fabric cushions, lights, anchor, fenders, sunshade. In use weekly. Great buy, "A-1" ready to go. \$8,400. Consider trade for Florida Bay Mudhen or Sturdee Dory 14/16. L. HASSELGREN, Delavan, WI, (262) 728-1974. (06)

**16' Classic Wooden Sloop**, marconi rig, full keel, cuddy, OB & trlr. Compl restored, surveyed, insured. \$8,000. HIOLT VIBBER, 5 Soljer Dr., Waterford, CT 06385, (860) 442-7376. (06)

**San Francisco Pelican**, unique design, vy seaworthy, in grt shape, ready to sail, on marginal trlr. Asking \$1,500. HARRY DUDLEY, Manchester, MA, (978) 526-1176. (06)



**22' Friendship Sloop**, '77 cedar on oak, bronze fastened. Volvo Penta MD5 diesel. Cabin slps 2, portable head fwd, storage areas under berths. 2 sets sails, new jib '99, main reconditioned '00. Well maintained, stored indrs winters. Located Lyme, CT. \$6,500. HARRY OAKLEY, Lyme, CT, (860) 434-1394. (06P)



**Clipper Trimaran**, 16' professionally bldt w/marine grade plywood. Perfect inland water pocket cruiser, slps 2. Safe, easy to sail & fast! Day sails 4 adults w/kids playing around on the amas & in cabin. \$4,995. STEVE TITCOMB, Blue Hill, ME, (207) 374-2315, <tstitcomb@acadia.net> (08)

**12' Bolger Cartopper**, sprit rigged skiff on galv trlr, some accessories. \$650. BILL CLARKE, Baltimore, MD, (410) 931-0667 aft 6pm. (06)

**16' Goldeneye Kayak**, kit bldt from Pygmy Boats, Inc. Vy gd cond, weighs abt 43lbs. Asking \$495. WIL SMITH, Cape May, NJ, (609) 884-1803 eves. (06)

**12' San Francisco Pelican**, ready to sail, new jib, nearly new main. Given to me, I will give it to you for cost of new jib & other materials I have in it. \$300. No trlr. PAT GIORDANO, Olivebridge, NY, (845) 657-2889, <moonbrats@aol.com> (06)

**Herreshoff Design Dinghy**, 12' x 4'3" hand bldt of pine & oak w/bronze & copper fasteners. 2 rowing stations, w/oars & trlr. \$1,500. ADRIAN BEAULIEU, Somersworth, NH, (603) 742-4004, <ABEAULIEU@peoplepc.com> (06P)





**Red Zinger is for Sale**, loa 25'6", beam 7'11", draws 24" cb up, 3'6" cb down. Cat yawl rig w/ wishbone boom. Alum mast. Radio. GPS installed. Stunning downwind speed w/wo spinnaker. Typical catboat upwind. Slps 4 in 6'+ bunks. Galley. Head w/holding tank. New mizzen sail, 2yr old 9.9 4-stroke Yamaha electric start ob. Equipped for cruising. \$7,500. RICHARD ZAPF, Georgetown, MA, (978) 352-8331 eves. (06)



**Beau is For Sale**, 29' loa, 26' lod, Laurent Giles designed cutter. Highly modified & customized Westerly Centaur w/full size double berth aft, Yamaha 9.9, new sails, Autohelm 4000, GPS, propane stove. 3 RT Chesapeake-Bahamas, 1 RT Chesapeake-Canada. Biggest small boat around. Trailerable, compl turnkey. Comparable to P.S. Dana or Norse 27. \$17,000. ROB KREIT, Lancaster, VA, (804) 462-9840, <beau@rivnet.net> (06)

**16' Sturdee Dory**, 25hp Johnson (tiller), galv trlr (all '93). Beautiful, sturdy, fast, simple, affordable. \$3,250. PHIL WOOTEN, Martinsburg, WV, (304) 264-4837, (304) 264-0845. (06)



**27' Chesapeake Doublender**, '98 strip plank epoxy, roomy sit-in cabin, 9.9 Honda 4-stroke in well for economical cruising. Best offer over \$2,500. HOWARD SCHAFFER, Stuart, FL, (561) 287-4793. (06)

**Alden Shell**, sliding seat, sweeps, looks new. \$1,350. **Canoe Collectors**, 1 of a kind custom **18' Old Town Canoe**, ash gunwales, long mahogany decks, cowls, diamond bolts, clear balsa bottom. \$795. **Recent Trades**, Crawford sailing dory, wood/canvas canoe. FERNALD'S, Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312. (06)

#### BOATS WANTED

**Lund Alaskan**, SSV18SS side console, 20" transom. NE area. RUDY CARLSON, Center Sandwich, NH, (603) 284-6800. (06)

**13'-16' Rowing Boat**, w/transom suitable for OB. Preferably a Whitehall type or a Bufflehead. R.W. CORNELIA, Box 981, Amagansett, NY 11930, (631) 324-5162. (06)

**Cape Dory Typhoon Weekender**, 501(c)(3) environmental organization seeks fully tax deductible donation or bargain purchase of this or similar sailboat. Boat would be used primarily as a research platform for development and mangement plan for small mid-Atlantic watershed and book about land use, sprawl and spreading pollution in still rural tide-water region. ROGER STONE, Sustainable Development Institute, Washington, DC, (202) 338-1017, <susdev@igc.org>, www.atlanticcoastwatch.org. (06)

**Used 10' Dory Skiff**, 600lbs cap, FG or wood to tie at fishermen's float, lot of wear & tear there, should be strong boat, not new. DANIEL LYNCH, Marblehead, MA, (781) 631-6145, lv message. (07)

#### SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

**White Poly tarp Sail Kits**. Construct a sail in about 4 hrs. No sewing required. DAVE GRAY, 7404 Madden Dr., Fishers, IN 46038, (317) 842-8106. (11P)

**Small Boat Sails**, also solid wood spars, masts up to 26' long. HOLT VIBBER, 5 Soljer Dr., Waterford, CT 06385, (860) 442-7376. (06)

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**Roller Furling Jib**, suitable for 23' Cape Cod Marlin. #6 luff tape, luff approx 26'6", foot 11'-14'. Must be fair to gd cond, reasonably priced. LARRY TYTLA, Waterford, CT, (860) 444-2538. (07)

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**100lb Mushroom Anchor**, used. \$50. HOLT VIBBER, 5 Soljer Dr., Waterford, CT 06385, (860) 442-7376. (06)

**Outboards**, parts, remotes, props. ROBERT O'NEILL, Brick, NJ, (732) 477-1107. (06P)

**15hp Evinrude**, '88. \$495. ROBERT O'NEILL, Brick, NJ, (732) 477-1107. (06P)

#### GEAR WANTED

**British Seagulls**, dead or alive. Cash paid, any cond. FRANK VALENTINO, S. Dennis, MA, (508) 385-8510, (508) 385-2507 anytime, email: <seagull508@aol.com> (TFP)

#### BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

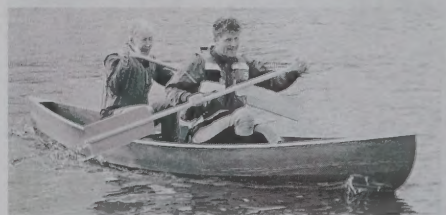


**Dory Plans**, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet. DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TF)



**Nutmeg (aka \$200 Sailboat)**, Bolger design, 15'6"x4'6". Plans w/compl directions. \$20. DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411, <davecarnell@att.net> (TFP)

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**Build 13-1/2' of Bliss**, from 2 sheets of plywood. Plans \$26. Illustrated leaf let of 16 craft \$2. DENNIS DAVIS, 9 Great Burrow Rise, Northam, Bideford EX39 1TB, England. (EOIP)

**"Sleeper,"** 7'10" car toppable sailing cruiser. Slps 2 below deck. Plans \$37, info \$3. EPOCH PRESS, P.O. Box 3047, San Rafael, CA 94912 (TFP)

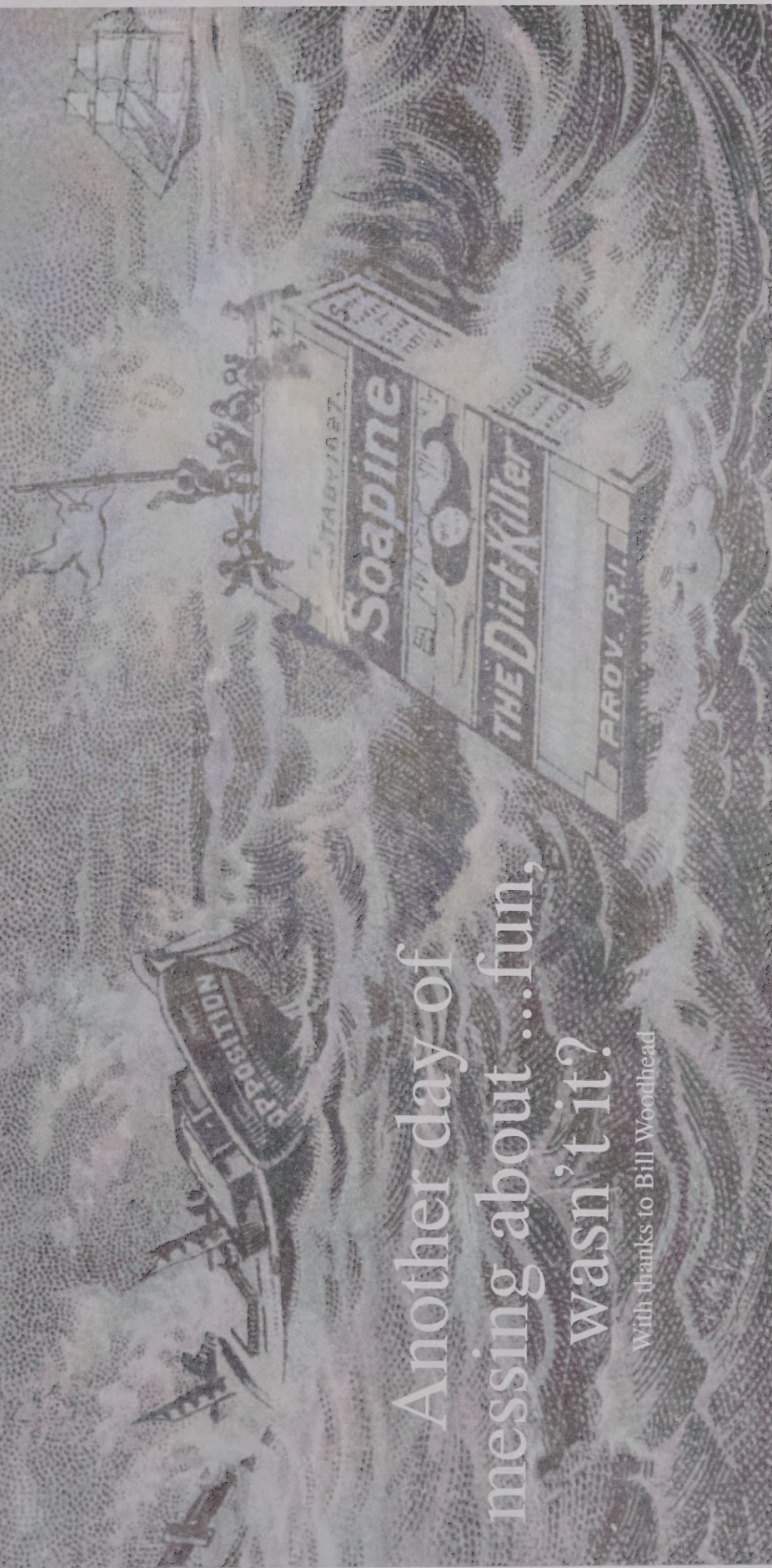


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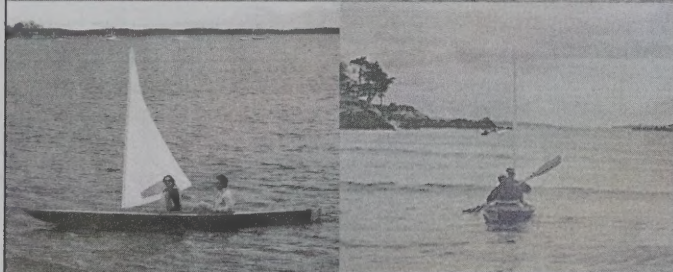
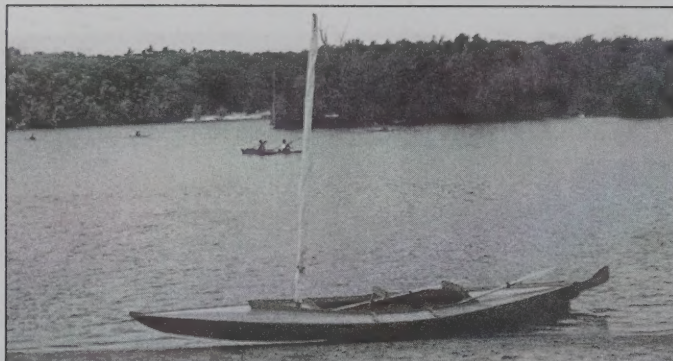
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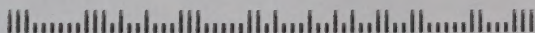
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